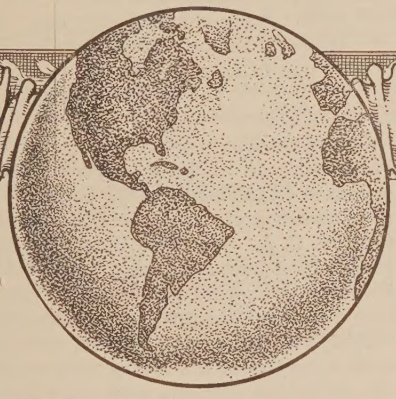
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

February 24, 1923



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Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—From an Editorial in the Leader.

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Mιγμα

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

James Russell Lowell.

υ λ

One would like to see a Society for the Preservation of the Rights of Pedestrians, organized on the model of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or the S. P. C. A. One would like to see this society have adequately paid agents and lawyers. One would like to see it represented before legislatures and other law-making and law-enforcing bodies, with at least a fraction of the ability with which the automobile interests now make their power effective. One would like to see the agents and lawyers of such a society looking after the interests of poor parents in the crowded parts of cities, whose children are killed by automobiles while the killers go free because the parents of the victims have not the resources to pursue them adequately in the criminal and civil courts. As it is now, the driver who did the killing has a brutally easy position. The other party to the episode is dead. The driver can give any version he pleases about what happened. (*Mark Sullivan.*)

υ λ

Even Christianity has been largely misunderstood in its relation to war. Its cardinal principle of love makes it imperative that every Christian and every Christian nation shall fight against evil. For love means not only love of the wrong-doer but of the right-doer, and in every conflict between them the Christian must side with the right-doer. So the Christian principle of love demands of us a love of right, justice, etc., and this includes a readiness to use every effort to maintain them, else our love is worthless. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

υ λ

We have heard of a man who, challenged by a noble course of conduct, preferred to be a "live coward" to a "dead hero." But what was that man's life worth either to himself or to others? Our lives have only the value that noble ideals and heroic actions give them. It is he who saves his life who loses it. We can not alter the decree of Jesus. (*Congregationalist.*)

υ λ

Politics as a dirty game is played chiefly by those who keep away from it—which may be a paradox, but it is a grim truth. (*Whiting in Boston Herald.*)

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THE
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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

LENTEN THOUGHTS: SAFEGUARDING THE SOUL

"Almighty God, who seest we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies and inwardly in our souls: that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

MOST persons have a keen sense of the dangers to which their bodies are exposed. They take many precautions and secure many safeguards against the adversities which may assail them. They are on guard against the external forces which may injure them, the accidents which may happen to them and the illnesses which they may contract. They seek protection from these adversities to their bodies, and some relief, if they happen, through insurance policies. And these very dangers compel them to have some thought of God and have recourse to Him in grave emergencies, and pray, "Keep us outwardly in our bodies." This is a privilege, of course, which every child of God may enjoy, though the more devout souls seek God when they are safe as well when they are in danger. God is their first, and not their last, resort.

There are other dangers of which some have a keen sense, and against which they are on guard, and on account of which they have constant recourse to God.

These are the evil thoughts which assault and hurt the soul. There are impulses, instincts and desires within us which are ever active and seek for expression and satisfaction. They are not in and of themselves evil; they are just natural, neither good nor bad *yet*. They become evil when they are given expression and satisfaction without respect or consideration for the other aspects of our nature, and when the mind gives them the right of way over the claims of our total personality and the welfare of other persons.

There are, also, thoughts which become evil because they assail and hurt the souls of others. The desire to use other persons for our own ends, it may be for the gratification of our passions, or our ambitions; or the prejudices in our hearts which make us unfair in our judgments of others and keep us apart from intimate social relations with them; or the hatred in our hearts which blinds us to the worth of others and makes us eager to do them hurt if they stand in our way. These thoughts are evil in their source in us and in their effect upon others.

Moreover, there are thoughts which become evil because they misjudge God. The adversities of life befall us all alike, though to some in larger measure than others. These may assail our bodies, but the mind is affected by the way it reacts upon them. These adversities make some persons abandon their faith in the goodness of God and become bitter at heart and even rebellious of will. The iron has not only gone into their souls: it has remained in and rusted there.

We are not only assailed by these evil thoughts; we are hurt by them. No one can cherish such thoughts without tragic results. We can not be assaulted in this way without being wounded. There are more wounded souls than injured bodies. Some are blind of mind through the assault and hurt of sophistry; some are deaf through heedlessness to the voice of conscience; some are dumb through moral cowardice; some are prostrate through fear.

It is no wonder that persons who have a keen and poignant sense of moral dangers and the wounds of the soul, should seek God and pray: "Keep us inwardly in our souls." The safeguarding of the soul is their great concern. They refrain from many hurtful things. They are cautious about exposing their minds to evil suggestions. They seek the healthful things of life. Their minds pursue truth, their imaginations appreciate the beautiful, their hearts love human beings, their souls seek God, and they are kept inwardly by Him.

When their minds live and move in such realms they are free from thoughts that assault and hurt. There comes about in time a complete sublimation of all their instincts and desires. And the final goal of such lives is seen in the moral and spiritual achievement of Jesus, of whom it is said that at last the devil found nothing in him to which he could appeal. This is to be absolutely kept inwardly in soul.

D. E.

"THE RETURN OF CHRISTENDOM"

THE striking phrase, "the return of Christendom," was coined by Bishop Brent, so long a heroic figure in the Philippines and Chaplain General of the American Expeditionary Forces in the Great War. "We must secure the return of Christendom, that is, a society dominated by the Christian motive." The key to the difficult solution, he tells us, is fellowship "with God and in God with one another."

In a clear cut address at Indianapolis Bishop Brent grapples with the problem of how we can create good-will in our special groups and yet avoid the danger of making such groups exclusive.

"Mutual understanding," and "mutual forbearance" creating "mutual good-will" among Methodists or Presbyterians or Universalists is a high and noble task of the Church, but it must not stop there.

Getting Americans of all kinds and sorts to like one another is a similar task and equally noble, but it is not the ultimate.

This frightful thing we call war, this "hideous," "monstrous," "inconceivably stupid," "irrational" thing, grows out of a beautiful thing called sectional loyalty and good-will. Held without regard to "the total commonwealth" however, "it degrades the saving principle of fellowship into a means of injury and destruction."

Bishop Brent calls for a new League of Peace among all the many Christian denominations "which clutter up the landscape."

His address, printed in another column, is worth studying with some care. It is in striking contrast with both the bitter attacks on the Church and on war which have been filling columns in religious and secular journals alike.

If Elihu Root is right in asserting that the demand of a democracy for control of foreign affairs is logical and right, Bishop Brent is everlastingly right in asserting that it is the business of the Church to train the democracy. And in setting itself to that task the Church should nail to the masthead these words of the great Bishop which deserve immortality: "There never was, there never can be, a narrower work for the Christian Church than the world. Whatever sails on a lesser sea is not the ark of salvation, nor does it even belong to the Christian fleet."

* *

SIGNIFICANT PROPOSALS

THE Commission on Missions of the Congregational Church has just presented to its constituents outlines of a proposed consolidation under which some eight or ten separate mission bodies would function co-operatively and under the same general leadership.

There will doubtless be opposition from those wedded to ancient ways and venerable institutions, and also from those who fear concentration of power as a menace to religious democracy. Nevertheless, it is a step in the direction all free Churches must move. We have won freedom, now we must achieve fellowship, and co-operation both within and between denominations points that way. The enormous gain in effective co-operation resulting from bringing our own denominational agencies together under a single roof is apparent to all. There are many Universalists who feel that the liberal Congregationalists are our nearest spiritual kin, and we shall watch with sympathetic interest their solution of a problem common to all free Churches.

* *

PETTY PUBLIC LARCENY

LAST week we had occasion to question the ethics of the wholesale distribution to clergymen and others of a book by Marshall Olds purporting to be a refutation of the report by Bishop McConnell and others on the great steel strike. There has just now come to the desk under Senatorial frank an article based on advance sheets of Mr. Olds' book that Senator Calder of New York had inserted in the Congressional Record, and so was able to have printed and distributed at government expense.

Whatever the merits of the controversy between the Steel Trust and its critics, we submit that the publication and circulation of an extremely partisan defense at the expense of the United States Government is just plain stealing from the pockets of the taxpayers. Senator Calder has resorted to a disreputable trick to help a corporation quite able to care for itself. Christians who are rightly concerned with industrial conflicts that are increasingly un-Christian will be still more concerned at the use of government of all the people for the partisan ends of any group or class.

* *

LARGER THAN

PLANS for immediate completion of an American National Cathedral larger than Westminster Abbey and with its great central tower rising above the Washington Monument . . . . to take the place in the hearts of Americans which the old Abbey occupies among the British nation, were announced here to-day at the annual convention of the diocese of Washington."

The Associated Press has broadcast the above despatch over the country. How thrilling to learn that we are to have a real Cathedral at Washington surpassing Westminster Abbey just as a Billy Sunday Tabernacle surpasses the Sainte Chapelle and "rising above the Washington Monument" as the Woolworth Building would rise above the Taj Mahal! Perhaps when it is completed its builders may accept a suggestion made by Harvey O'Higgins and dedicate it to Saints Profit and Loss.

* *

ASIATIC CHRISTIANS IN FLIGHT

THE decision of the Turkish Government to compel Christians on the Asiatic side of the Straits to migrate recalls the fact that some of these Christians and their forefathers have inhabited Asia since the days of St. Peter and even long before.

In the first verse of his first epistle, Peter begins as follows: "Peter, an apostle of Jesus Christ to the strangers scattered through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia."

They are of ancient lineage. They and their forefathers have struck roots deep in the soil of Asia Now there is taking place a dreadful exodus, a going frequently by night, "in haste," in fear, in the winter

crificing their possessions, forsaking their altars, eir graves, and everything they have cherished, to gin all over again in some place where overcrowding, verty and homesickness will take, of course, their adly toll.

They are doomed to be aliens as long as they live, fugees from their own land, simply because a tyrant lls it and because nobody can or will thwart the rant.

As to what the United States could or should ve done, opinions will differ. Statesmen of the type Colonel George Harvey, addressing congenial natorial comrades, will use the phrase which Harvey lds to his notorious collection of cynical epigrams: We are damned well out of the mess." Others say rhaps that we had no duty to interfere as we had opportunity.

There are some of us who believe that in the ear light of eternity just what could or could not ve been done will be outlined with startling disnctness. Perhaps it will be seen that a single warng shot over Smyrna would have prevented a catasophe. Perhaps it will be made clear that a single merican voice lifted at Lausanne as a participant nd not as an "observer" would have altered completely the face of things.

If we have failed in a critical juncture, it is a tisfaction to know that we will suffer for it. It won't ll fall on the Christians trekking down to the sea and mbarking for Europe.

In just what form it will come we don't know. ut one thing certain is that a loving God, for our wn salvation, has ordained "just retribution for n."

* *

THE RIGORS OF LAW

COASTWISE shipping laws of the United States provide that foreign vessels taking on passengers at American ports can not land them at ther American ports without incurring a penalty of ne thousand dollars for each passenger so landed. his is to insure a monopoly of American shipowners the business of carrying passengers from one merican port to another. Unfortunately there is his curious complication, probably never contemlated by the law:

The Empress of France, for example, sails from ew York, crowded with Americans, bound for the ar East by way of Panama and San Francisco. In he two or three weeks cruise from New York to San rancisco several passengers fall ill, two of them ritically. These two Americans, one of whom lives n San Francisco, both of whom are in desperate need f hospital treatment, can not be landed in their own ountry without it costing them a thousand dollars ach.

Perhaps they had no business to embark on a essel of foreign registry. Perhaps in equity the man vho chartered the ship and sold them passage ought o pay. Perhaps the ship which had the misfortune o take on sick folks ought to be penalized. Perhaps he passengers ought to take up a collection and pay Jncle Sam two thousand dollars to kindly permit two f his own folks to step ashore on their own soil.

But the most reasonable supposition is that, if such laws in restraint of competition are wise at all, they had better be modified to make it less desirable for a sick man to die and be buried at sea.

* *

THEY WON'T SAY IT

THESE Asiatic Christians the world is making such a fuss about are rather a poor lot in some ways. Even their best friends among the missionaries say, "They are rather indifferent Christians."

They won't live up to the standards our churches hold up. Too often they will lie, cheat, steal or covet their neighbor's wife or vineyard.

But there is this curious stubbornness about them. They won't say, "There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet."

To save their lives, to defend their families, to avoid the horrors of exile, they won't utter these words. An American who has lived forty-eight years in Syria remarked, "They will not deny their Saviour, I honor them for that."

With mingled feelings we contemplate the exhibition. We know that they do deny their Master and Saviour every time they fail to follow the pure example which he set.

But in a world of easy tolerance, of "patronizing all beliefs because we have none," it is stimulating and cheering to find people who hold some things of "mere belief" precious enough to die for.

* *

Subtract the year you were out of commission from eternity, which is your full time, and still you will have about all the opportunity left you will be able to manage.

* *

A jury of your peers may be composed of a dozen men who did not get caught at it, and the chances are they will be very severe on you as an act of self-protection!

* *

Stuffed olives have an advantage over the plain ordinary ones; the stuffing disguises the taste of the olive, and the olive does as much for the stuffing.

* *

It is the wise orator who does not talk his message out of the heads of his hearers after having talked it in.

* *

A bit of God-nature mixed with human-nature improves the quality of the man.

* *

The noise and color of the carnival will not satisfy when supper time comes.

* *

The handicap which discourages the timid is but a challenge to the brave.

* *

Too often we give a man a necktie when he needs a suit of clothes.

* *

A little eagerness to achieve will hasten the achievement.

* *

If the evil is in your heart the occasion is just outside.

Cruising Around a Changing World

III Old and New Panama

John van Schaick, Jr.

THE oldest European town on the mainland of America," "the strongest Spanish fortress in the New World back in the sixteenth century, excepting Cartagena," "the chief Spanish port on the Pacific," "the depot at which the Spaniards received the gold and silver of Peru to send across the Isthmus"—this was old Panama.

Late to-day we visited the ruins of old Panama, five miles east of the present city—destroyed by Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer, in 1671. The solid old church has resisted best the destructive agencies of man and climate. The tower still stands. Side walls, with window openings and doorways in place, give the semblance of a building. A huge tree has sent its roots down both sides of the rear wall as if to help hold it in place. Nothing is left of the city but a melancholy ruin by the side of the sea, almost lost under tropical vegetation.

The modern city of Panama, the capital of the little new Republic of Panama, is also old. It is the city as it was rebuilt two years after Morgan's bloody raid. It is a Spanish-looking town of 30,000 people at the head of the Gulf of Panama, better situated for shipping than the town which was destroyed. Mount Ancon looks down upon it and beautiful islands protect the mouth of the harbor. The shops, the people, the narrow streets, the Spanish architecture, all made us realize that we were in a foreign place, and much beside told us that, for America at least, it was very old.

At every turn, however, we ran into something to remind us of the presence of a guest of Panama, the huge republic called the United States, an all powerful, all dominating, omnipresent influence. This government leases from Panama a strip of land ten miles wide, which it controls absolutely, called the Canal Zone. Outside this zone, by special treaty, it takes charge of the water supply and drainage of both the city of Panama on the Pacific and of Colon on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. These cities, which once were plague spots, even worse than Havana, have been cleaned up by the United States. By using the scientific knowledge the race has accumulated they have been made entirely safe.

While we are under the United States flag in the Canal Zone, it is not accurate to speak of it as United States soil. It still belongs to Panama. A lecturer on board told us that we owned it. "We have paid for it enough," he declared, "to own it. We paid the Republic of Panama $10,000,000. We bought it a second time of the individual owners. We bought, in the third place, the old French concessions and property for $40,000,000. We are paying the Panama Republic $250,000 a year and we are paying the Republic of Columbia $25,000,000 to keep still about it."

After two restful days and nights from Havana, we sighted the harbor of Colon yesterday morning, a low lying coast rising out of the sea. We were warped alongside a coaling dock and went ashore for a long day. It was an awkward place to get sever hundred passengers out of and a more awkward place to get them back into.

This vicious American habit of jamming and crowding is more in evidence with this particular crowd than with any I ever got into. An uncontrollable desire to be the first off the ship and the first at any event must cause both amusement and irritation to these British ship's officers. The characterization, of course, does not apply to the whole company, made up as it is of many people of culture, but it does apply to part. By the time they have done 30,000 miles probably all will be more leisurely, seasoned travelers.

At Colon, the party was divided into two sections one wandering around the town or resting at the beautiful Hotel Washington while the other took a drive For many of us this visit to Colon was our first contact with tropical vegetation—groves of bananas mangoes, pawpaws, breadfruit, guavas and various kinds of palms. We passed ruins of the old De Lesseps Canal, drove out to the American flying field and submarine base, and visited the Gatun Locks on the Panama Canal, where the operation was explained and demonstrated. We were lucky to have "one of the coolest days in months," but it was cool only for a town eight or ten degrees north of the equator. In fact it was hot—hot as Washington in midsummer—and we lay all night in a hot dock with ports closed and coaling going on until 1 a. m. Personally I slept through it all, but many people with far clearer consciences than I own did not.

To-day we made the trip through the canal reaching Balboa, the port of Panama, at 3 p. m. Here every arrangement was perfect for handling the crowd We walked ashore on to a thousand-foot steel and stone dock and took comfortable motors for one of the loveliest drives imaginable, into the "Zone" and out of the "Zone," along water fronts, up high mountains commanding far views over the Pacific and back over the Canal, by the American governor's house and the American Administration building, the Ancon hospital, the various parts of Fort Amadon, and even out on a long causeway to the forts guarding the harbor.

To-night the view over the rail of the ship was like a scene in grand opera. The full moon sailed high above us; on the dock were groups of American soldiers, sailors and marines, civil officers and families, all down to see this huge ship on its rather unusual cruise native colored Panamanians with wives and children clustered around; in the background rose sharply the two rugged mountains which look down on Panama; on the heights signal lights were flashing and rows and clusters of lights, on motors, in buildings and on tall lamp-posts, were reflected in the bay From such a scene we sailed away at eight and by ten o'clock let go the pilot and started on a nine-day trip to San Francisco.

And what is it I have to say about the Canal? There are several things which I have learned:

Ours is not the first canal. Back ages ago in ncient geologic periods, there was a natural channel ere, so the United States Government Bulletin of 023 tells us. The land slowly rose and the barrier as made which stopped the early explorers.

Another totally new fact to me is that the proposal dig a canal dates from 1550. For a generation or ore the early navigators were sure that they could et through. Then gradually it dawned on the world at here was an obstacle thousands of miles long be- veen Europe and Cathay. In 1550 Antonio Galoao, Portuguese navigator, published a book to prove at a canal could be dug at Tehuantepec, now in Iexico. In 1551, a Spanish historian submitted a emorial to Philip II urging forcibly that it be done t once.

The story of what has happened since until the anal was dug would fill volumes. Dutch, English, rench, Belgian, Spanish and Portuguese have all een in the project. Half a dozen different points ave been picked out as the best place to pierce the ontinent. Private trading companies and govern- ents have sought and gained concessions. Politi- ians, American and European, economists, financiers nd engineers, have all been mixed up in it. Waste, ishonesty, extravagance, jealousy, inefficiency, yellow ever, malaria and starvation have all played their arts in preventing a canal even where work was ctually started.

Count Ferdinand De Lesseps' famous French cheme dated from 1879 and swept away the savings f thousands of French people. "Stock selling," "failure," "reorganization," "liquidation," "pesti- ence," are among the words to the front when we ead the story of the De Lesseps canal. But he did ctually dig part of a canal, and from an engineering tandpoint probably was remarkably sound.

Most of us in middle life are familiar with the ong and bitter fight in our own country to get any anal at all and to decide where to put it. The Mexi- an War, the acquisition of California, the discovery of old, the rush of the forty-niners, many of them by vay of the Isthmus of Panama, the Spanish-American Var, and the long journey of our battleship, the Ore- on, from the Pacific to the Atlantic by way of Cape Horn, arriving just in time to participate in the naval ight off Santiago—all made public sentiment in he United States for a canal.

In college days I was an ardent advocate of the Nicaragua route. A fraternity brother was a son of Warner Miller, president of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and my roommate had been down summers o work on "that great project."

Whatever we might have done at Nicaragua, no- body can sail through the Panama Canal to-day with- ut pride in what we have done here. And to a nan with any imagination it is a great adventure. t is a thrilling experience. To be sure, there is no ew engineering problem about it. It is, to the ngineer, noteworthy only because of size. But to ne who knows the history, it is the realization of the isions and dreams of brave and bold men of four undred years. It is a monument to the financial honesty, sanitary knowledge, engineering skill and executive ability of our own countrymen.

Not only that, it is a monument to our ability "to swear to our own hurt and change not," to make an agreement which pinches and yet keep it. I mean, of course, the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, by which we agreed with England, for a consideration, to make any canal we might dig "neutral" and open to the citizens of both countries on equal terms. Happily we undid our shady Yankee performance of exempt- ing our coastwise shipping from payment of tolls and, as Walter H. Page says in his "Letters," made it possible for self-respecting Americans to hold up their heads once more in Europe.

From deep water in the Atlantic where the Canal begins to deep water in the Pacific where it ends, it is fifty miles long. From shore line to shore line it is forty-two miles.

We move slowly along the Atlantic sea level section for six and two-thirds miles. Then we are lifted through the three Gatun Locks eighty-five feet to the level of Gatun Lake. Over this lovely inland lake we travel under our own steam twenty- four miles to the beginning of the Gaillard or Culebra Cut. In a narrower channel we go for eight miles through the cut, down one lock called "Pedro Miguel" to Miraflores Lake, over this for another mile—perhaps the loveliest mile of all—to the two Miraflores Locks, again down in two jumps and we are at the Pacific level with another eight miles to travel at sea level to the Pacific Ocean.

None of this bald description does justice to the wonders of the great work. They are set forth in books and magazines without number, and by sending three cents to "The Panama Canal, Washington, D. C.," and asking for a copy of "The Panama Canal, General Information," all interested can get an il- lustrated booklet which will give an intelligent reader a far better idea of the project than many a careless visitor will get.

As one lady remarked at Colon, "It's dreadful hot here at Ceylon, but I expected it." This shows about where some of us tourists "are at."

To me among the most interesting things of the six or eight hour trip were, first of all, the dense tropical jungle growth of the Atlantic sea level section, which showed the danger and difficulty the builders must have had from a health standpoint; second, the Gatun Dam, hidden under its golf field, which holds back the waters of the Chagres River giving a supply for the huge locks; third, the swiftness and precision of operation, the way the electric engines, or mules as they are called, fastened on, pulled ahead, held back and controlled in the locks a mighty steamer whose momentum, at four miles an hour even, ought to have been enough to smash any barrier; fourth, the lovely views all along the way of the continental divide—the mountains which we know as the Rockies in North America and as the Andes in South America —and especially the lovely views back at these mountains from Lake Miraflores; then the especially impressive thing was that we were making this quick and easy transit through these mountains—the barrier which held men back for four long centuries

and to master which so many men of so many races laid down their lives. In the morning we were in the Atlantic. In the afternoon we were resting quietly on the Pacific. What would have taken us six weeks to do going around Cape Horn we did in a little over six hours. It was all well worth while. An increasing number of our fellow citizens will make this journey through the Panama Canal and every one who passes will feel grateful that he is an American.

Panama, Jan. 30, 1923.

Following the General Superintendent

John Smith Lowe

THE column under this caption has been silent for some time. The omissions have been due, not to the fact that the writer has not been anywhere, nor to the lack of something worth writing about, but to the fact that he has been writing so much that has appeared in the *Leader* and elsewhere without the attachment of his autograph to it that he has had no time for the usual items he treats in his travel articles. He has been in many places and he is full of things both interesting and vital, but he has temporarily dried his pen on one line of thought that he might turn the fluid into other channels.

Perhaps one of these days he will go back and pick up the broken threads, but for the present there is an embargo declared on them and he devotes his attention to another matter of immediate concern.

Back last May the Trustees of the General Convention whose orders I must obey placed in my hands a commission. The commission was a command that I sidetrack everything else and devote my whole time to the campaign for the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House. "We elect you Director General of the enterprise"—it is certainly an adequate title—"with power. We mean by that that time is short. We can not wait or delay. You must decide things for yourself, make plans and secure results." That is enough to make a strong heart and iron will tremble. Mine actually quaked, but not for long. I found myself saying: "What are you afraid of? The day of timidity has gone by in our Church, if there was ever a day of timidity in it. Your cause is worthy, the people will respond. The denomination has risen to great heights once. It will do it again. Gird yourself! Blow your trumpet! If you have faith like a grain of mustard seed"—but why any more of that?

The battle was quickly won. "This one thing I do," became my motto. Weeks and months have been spent on such problems as securing a site for the church, plans from the architect, information and plans from Japan. Then the mechanical side of a nation-wide campaign had to be outlined and prepared for execution. You have to do that sort of thing about a dozen times before you finish the product, and then you realize you have stopped short of perfection, to say the least. At last the stage was set, and on Tuesday night, the sixth day of February, I left Boston for the first of a series of conferences in the various states, of ministers and Comrades from the local churches, the purpose of which is to put the machinery in operation This machinery, some time between Washington's Birthday and next October when the General Convention meets in Providence, will conduct an every member canvass in each church in the denomination, which will result in a sufficient number of memorial gifts to make the Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House a reality.

The following day, in Dr. Betts' church in Syracuse, New York, I met the ministers and Comrades from most of the parishes in the state. It was a splendid meeting. I put the whole project before them "straight from the shoulder," as they say. I minced nothing and held no part of the story back Did any one flinch or back water? Not one. When the full magnitude of the task dawned upon them I thought it would be strange if there were not gasps and groans like the ones heard on every hand at first when we challenged the Church to raise a million dollars. It was natural, with the memory fresh in my mind of what happened then, that I should expect to hear a few say, "It can't be done," "It's impossible." But nothing of the kind happened. On the other hand the challenge was accepted, and behind the acceptance there was the quiet but determined assumption that we have undertaken this thing and we are going through with it.

Many words of enthusiastic approval were spoken. Pledges of support were given by many individuals, and the following day at Columbus Ohio, whither I had journeyed during the night for my second conference, I received the following telegram from this group of men which speaks for itself

> New York State Universalist Mid-Winter Conference of ministers and laymen by resolution adopted hereby pledge their sympathetic help and unstinted devotion to the National Memorial Church and Perin-Cate House project. We are with you.
>
> *Herbert E. Muller.*

At six-thirty there was a banquet given by the ladies of Dr. Betts' church, and the tables were heavily laden with delectable viands not mentioned in "Diet and Health with Key to the Calories," by Lulu Hunt Peters, M. D., written for those who would watch their weight and reduce the same. The large room was filled with members of our congregation in the Syracuse parish. I shook hands with some friends I have known since boyhood days, and with others upon whom I practised preaching as a student when I was at Canton.

All too soon the repast was behind us and Mr. Petty of Binghamton, president of the Ministers' Meeting, acting as toast-master, was on his feet executing the most speedy introduction of a speaker I have ever witnessed. He dispensed with frills, pleasantries, superfluities, non-essentials and everything like that, and before I knew it I was on my feet without time to catch my breath or think of a story. I commend his example, just the same, to those masters of the post-prandial art who never introduce you with-

t exhausting the joke book and making half of your eech for you before they get around to say: "We ll now listen to Mr. ——."

I had a wonderful time for about twenty mines, and of course I didn't sit down until I had shot a few bolts for the Washington Memorial Church d the Perin-Cate House. I did my best to be fair the matter of time, because the inimitable John yles of Grace Church, Buffalo, was to follow me. o one I have ever heard make a speech, especially after dinner speech, can do the kind of thing that hn Sayles can do. He can say funny things in a rious way and serious things in a funny way. He can ow you up and make you look ridiculous while you ugh yourself hoarse at the performance. He told where we are weak and what to do about it. Let e say now before I forget it, that John Sayles has omised to let me send him anywhere in the United ates to help out on the Memorial Church and Perinte House Campaign. In the Ministers' Meeting the afternoon he made several speeches on the bject, and he was so effective that he completely nverted all who were almost but as yet not quite rsuaded, and reconverted all the rest of us.

When you get down to business in your church to ise your quota for this great enterprise, and find u are having difficulty getting up steam with which start things, in other words, if you are up against and need outside help, just send me an S. O. S. ll for Sayles, and just one visit from him will put u "over the top." The New York ministers nomited him my first line S. O. S. man.

The Syracuse meeting was no sooner tucked away history than I was on the train bound for Columbus, io, where the next afternoon I met with the miners in a second conference of the same kind, only ore so. The fires when once you kindle them burn pidly. If your torch is lighted it will light your ighbor's torch.

I am only telling a small part of the whole truth hen I say that the Columbus meeting was, in some spects, the most wonderful meeting I have particited in since I began my work for the denomination arly six years ago. I really wonder if the spirit of e Syracuse gathering had not traveled ahead of e through the darkness of the night, by a sort of iritual radio, all the way to Ohio, where it passed rough an amplifier and entered into the very souls our ministers and Comrades.

We met in the beautiful new parish house rently erected by our Columbus friends, at 2 p. m. e began on time with Mr. Baner of Akron presidg. He conducted a devotional service that was a oper prelude to what was to follow. I then talked some length, outlining the plans for the campaign d stating the reasons for our undertaking. Again told in unequivocal terms what it involved. Then, save them from the shock, which I feared might be tal, I hastened to save the day by explaining that e are only asking that the denomination raise enough oney before next October to erect one of the three ildings in the Memorial Group—the House of orship—and the Perin-Cate House. It was then at the thing happened that is pretty certain to make story in our Church as a whole.

What Happened in Ohio

In a sense I received the surprise of my life. The group manifested no disposition to cringe when I had revealed to them the magnitude of the task as a whole, as I expected they might. I heaved an inward sigh of relief when I had passed that point. I wonder if you can imagine my surprise and embarrassment when, as I announced that we were not contemplating doing more than one-third of the whole thing in Washington at once, I noticed a wave of depression pass from the front row to the rear one, accompanied by a very decided drooping of faces. I saw the disappointed look, but never dreamed what was behind it. Shortly after that I finished my story. Then something happened that had started in Syracuse the day before.

The meeting brushed everything else aside and, finding a voice, spoke only on one point in about this fashion: "Why do we go at this great and worthy task apologetically and half-heartedly? Why do we build just one of the three units of this wonderful National Memorial in the nation's Capital and the Perin-Cate House at the outset? Why do we advertise our lack of vision and courage in the nation's Capital and before the whole country? Let us give what is needed, at once, to build and dedicate all three units of this National Memorial and the Perin-Cate House as well. We call upon our National Committee and upon you, Dr. Lowe, to summon our people throughout America to shoulder the whole burden at one time. No half-way stations, no half-finished tasks, for us. We are past the day of small things. We have entered a new era of our history. We are not going back on our tracks." While the meeting was expressing itself there was ripple after ripple, wave after wave, of applause. Tears were shed, faces glowed. It was, as Comrade Lobdell said in his inspiring closing prayer, a moment on the mountain of transfiguration.

Do you realize, my readers, what it was that had happened? Do you catch it? It was the spirit of the Great Drive of 1919 come back to life again, if indeed it has ever been dead for a single minute since. The spirit that said in the face of the hardest thing our Church ever attempted: "We Can and We Will."

Ohio has challenged us, Universalists of America! Ohio has sounded our battle cry in a spiritual Crusade. Ohio says: "We are not afraid. We will do our part." Universalists, East, West, North and South, there is but one answer for our denomination to make to this appeal to our faith, our daring, our consecration. It is the same answer we gave four years ago. "We Can and We Will."

In Columbus again at 6.30 p. m. we had a banquet. The ladies of Charles Alden's parish equaled the best done by the Syracuse women the night before, both as to hospitality and the bountiful dinner. The congregation of our new church out near the university has grown remarkably, and one of the livest organizations, if not the livest in the parish, is the Columbus Chapter of the Universalist Comrades. Let no man say that the Comrades are dead in the hearing of these Columbus Comrades, because if he does he will hear from them in such a way that he will find himself suddenly converted to a belief in the literal resurrection of the dead.

One interesting and touching incident of the banquet was the presentation of a watch chain and a beautifully inscribed charm to Mr. Albert C. Lowery, for thirteen years the faithful and ever optimistic treasurer of our Columbus church, by the pastor in behalf of the congregation. Mr. Lowery is extremely deaf, and could not hear a word of the truly beautiful tribute, so richly deserved, paid him by Mr. Alden. I was impressed with one paragraph in particular in Mr. Alden's remarks. He said: "Notwithstanding his deafness Brother Lowery never misses a Sunday at church. He does not allow his inability to hear to keep him away from the Sunday service. He is always in his seat." Fortunately all that was said was written out carefully and Brother Lowery will be privileged to read every word. We salute you, Brother Lowery.

I give as the last paragraph to this article the resolution passed by the Ohio Conference. Read it, friends. Get it into your blood. And then join in a mighty chorus; swell the anthem: "We Can and We Will."

OHIO'S CHALLENGE TO THE WHOLE DENOMINATION

Dare We Fail to Accept It?

Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., Director General of the Campaign for the National Memorial Church in Washington, D. C., and the Perin-Cate House in Tokyo, Japan.

We, the Universalist ministers of Ohio, together with one or more laymen from a majority of churches in the state, do hereby declare that Ohio Universalists want the Memorial Church in Washington built in all three units, the House of Worship, the House of Study and the House of Service, together at the earliest possible moment. We believe adequate funds can be raised in the near future.

We urge upon the National Committee the wisdom and great importance of calling on our denomination for the entire amount required to complete the enterprise as a whole at one time. Ohio will lead the way by doing her full share.

Sara L. Stoner,
Charles A. Alden.

International Morals*

Walter B. Leach, Jr.

PEACE, permanent and stable, can come in international as well as in individual life, only by the application of what we call the Christian principles of conduct. War is the product of international immorality, and of nothing else. There never was a truly just war. There never was a war in which one side was not morally in the wrong, in which international morality was not violated. And there will be war so long as international immorality exists. How long will that be, how far have we progressed toward the day when the battle flags are furled, what stage of international morality are we in—these are the questions upon which we shall try to throw light, not by moral judgments or speculations, but by facts, ascertainable and inescapable.

For a basis of comparison with the conditions of our own times, we must go back into history. When we have finished, when we have seen the situation as it used to be, and have compared it with the situation as it is, the feeling of confidence in ourselves and in the future of the world we live in will be strengthened.

Nineteen hundred years ago, in a Roman province on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, ruled by a nominal king who was placed and kept in power by Roman military forces, a Jew about thirty years of age began to attract attention as a teacher by preaching peace on earth, the brotherhood of man, and a Kingdom of Heaven. A twentieth century mind can not appreciate how radical those teachings were, in this vassal state of the Roman Empire. Every citizen of the mother-city of Rome was a demi-god, and every citizen of a subject province was a serf wh must bow down and worship at the words *"Romanu sum"* ("I am a Roman"). One of these serfs declarin the universal brotherhood of man, proclaiming tha he was a brother to Romans, was inconceivable. Th Roman Empire was a world system based on wa And this serf, this Jew, was advocating peace on earth was proclaimed as the King of the Jews, and wa preaching of a Kingdom of Heaven! This was trea son. He was arrested and placed on trial. Jesus ha explained that this was a spiritual kingdom, capabl of existing with Rome. It was possible to "rende unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's and unt God the things that were God's." But that, sai Pilate, was evasion. Kingdoms weren't spiritua That fallacy had been exploded back in the dark age of Greece. Plato had made the fatal error of associa ing morals with politics; and Aristotle had shown t the satisfaction of the Greek world that this was erro Kingdoms were not spiritual! So the Jew was convic ed of treason and was sentenced to the most degradin death which Roman law allowed.

And this for preaching a Kingdom of Heave the brotherhood of man, and peace on earth! W may surely take the beginning of the Christian er as the time when international morality simply di not exist. There was no word for international la in the Roman tongue.

For 1250 years this condition continued. N until the end of the thirteenth century did inte national life and relations as we know them begin.

At that time the Italian cities, Florence, Mila and Venice, began the practise of sending ambass dors. The early Italian ambassador was not th honored personage we know in the twentieth ce tury. He was little more than a spy, tolerated b cause the receiving sovereign thought he could outw him.

*An abstract of an address delivered at Beacon Universalist Church, Brookline, Mass., on Young People's Day. Mr. Leach is a member of Beacon Church, a student in Harvard Law School, and an instructor in the department of International Law in Harvard University.

The most distinguished of these Italian diplmats was one Nicolo Machiavelli. From the age twenty-three he was sent from Florence to all the tty kingdoms in Italy and even to the King of rance. His record was a typical one—perjuries, eachery, torturing of prisoners, he even directed the urder of one prince to whom he was sent and made ie murderer his own right-hand man, all the little licacies of his time. Finally he was buried in the urch of Santa Croce in Florence, where his marble age now kneels in prayer facing the altar.

Machiavelli wrote a book to guide the princes id their envoys. This quotation is significant as a arometer of the international morals of his day:

> "Every one admits how praiseworthy it is in a Prince to keep faith and to live with integrity and not with craft. Nevertheless our experience has been that those princes who have done great things have held good faith of little account, and in the end have overcome those who have relied on their word."

his statement of a man whose authority is unimeachable presents a discouraging spectacle after fteen centuries of Christianity. But it represents a ep of progress. Caesar and Pilate could not see ie slightest possibility of a connection between morals nd politics. A spiritual kingdom was a contradiction terms. Machiavelli recognizes that it would be raiseworthy for a king to keep faith, but it isn't exedient, it isn't done, and it can't be done.

It would be of little value to trace the developent of the international conscience, chiefly conspicus by its absence, through the next two centuries.

Napoleon came—the prince of international bbers, less infamous than William II of Germany ecause more successful. For twenty years he waged ar for war's sake and for conquest. *But*, for the first me in the history of the world there was protest gainst the immorality of the thing. Popular opinion evolted against the waste of lives and the subjection f whole peoples for the benefit of one man. True, e was an emperor, but he was no longer a law unto imself. And right here was the birth of internaonal morality as we know it.

As Napoleon sailed to his exile in St. Helena, the iplomats assembled to rearrange the map of Europe. t first they talked of a Holy Alliance to preserve ie peace, of the regeneration of Europe on the rinciples of justice and morality. The millennium eemed at hand. But this burst of altruism was hort-lived. A "Holy Alliance" was formed, but it as a travesty on the name. Its purpose, stripped f the veneer of diplomatic language with which it as coated, was the maintenance of the European onarchies against the democratic influence of the rench Revolution, with never a thought to the eloent principles of morality with which the conferce had begun.

But this Congress of Vienna, vicious as it may em, is the third step in our view of the progress of he international conscience. Ancient Rome was he first—a complete inability to see any connection etween morals and politics. Machiavellian Italy as the second—a belief in the praiseworthiness of oralizing international affairs, but a disbelief in its esirability or expediency. Nineteenth century Europe is the third—a real desire to conduct international affairs on moral principles, but an inability to hold to that desire when selfish interests conflicted.

Then comes the World War. We looked aghast at the war of conquest for commercial supremacy in which Germany engaged. Yet the events of 1914 were exactly the same type of thing that gave Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon world fame and an honorable reputation. But the world had finally arrived at the point where it expected international as well as individual morality, and was ready to enforce its observance. England and the United States went to war with the avowed purpose of avenging international wrong.

The Allies won the war and called a Peace Conference. To whom did they look as the leading figure? It was to an idealist, a moralist, Woodrow Wilson, whose diplomatic eminence rested on a compilation of fourteen points, Christian principles intended as a guide for the Peace Conference. We may not agree with Mr. Wilson's politics; we may realize that he committed errors; we may reproach him for his very idealism; but we can not help recognizing that the choice of him as virtual leader stamped the Peace Conference with a moral tone which had never before existed in international affairs in the history of the world. The document that came out of that conference has received unmitigated abuse, but it is impossible to read the treaty without realizing that the most sincere effort was made to construct it on fundamental principles of moral right.

But the Conference on Limitation of Armaments, in Washington in November, 1921, more than the Treaty of Versailles, demonstrates that we can reasonably hope for better things than, for instance, Europe could reasonably have hoped for when Napoleon was exiled in 1815. The President of the United States delivered an opening address from which I quote:

> "We are met for a service to mankind. In all honesty and all honor [uncustomary words in old-world diplomacy] there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience [the expression implies an international code of morals, an unorthodox idea] refined by the consuming fires of war. . . . I can speak officially for the United States. . . . Wholly free from guile, sure in our own minds that we harbor no unworthy designs, we accredit the world with the same good intent. So I welcome you, not alone in good will and high purpose, but with high faith."

The outstanding material results of the Conference are matters of common knowledge. The most remarkable work of the Conference was a series of treaties in regard to the Pacific. At the Washington Conference China came with no purchasing power whatsoever. She had a moral cause and that was all. But while the great Powers were giving up armaments, renouncing rights, restricting their own action, China was presented with the only material benefits distributed by the Conference.

Think back for a moment and compare these results with the political sentiments of Machiavelli and the political practises of Bismarck and the old high diplomacy. May we justly say that the fourth stage in the development of the international conscience

has been reached? The international morality which Machiavelli saw but thought undesirable, and which the Congress of Vienna thought desirable but didn't have the determination to put into operation, has at last found an era in which men have the courage of their convictions and the energy to impose their moral judgments on their selfish interests.

What can we hope for? Universal peace can not come in a year, nor in a decade; but we can confidently expect it in the lives of many of us here. The troubles in the world to-day, whose roots were nourished in the blood of the Great War, are flaws in detail. The will be erased and the real fundamental grandeur c the master-work will be revealed. We *must* belie it; it is the only conclusion which solid facts wi allow. War is the product of the selfish interests c nationality. The evidence is overwhelming that last these interests have succumbed to the dominati of the international conscience. The brotherhood man and peace on earth—incomprehensible expre sions to those to whom they were first uttered—see on the verge of being realized.

In the Morning Mail

Francis W. Gibbs

I HAVE just received my mail. There is nothing unusual about it, but somehow there is always something interesting in receiving mail. I take the envelopes—there are eight of them—and quickly run them over to determine which I will open first. They all are neatly addressed by typewriter and some have a heading printed, telling where they came from, or instructing the postmaster what to do in case the letter is not delivered, and incidentally to prove that the letter was sent.

In four of these envelopes are checks, ranging in value from one dollar to six dollars. In the fifth there is a very elaborate certificate which is so worded that you are to believe that it is worth at least ten dollars. The checks and certificate are all printed on fine bond paper with my name carefully written in on the margin. I marvel at the cleverness of this bait, for such it is, trying to lure a small additional sum from my pocket, to be added to the amount of the check to become a subscriber to some paper, a set of books, or a magazine.

Some of the inducements to use these credit checks are so characteristic of the trend of the times, that I dare to call attention to them. Here is one of the unsurpassed offers: "Your ability will be trebled and your income doubled," if I will only sign my name on the margin and become a charter member of this new method of a self-improvement class. Another wishes me to "catch up with the crowd" and study the new sightless typewriting on the new noiseless typewriter. Wonderful days these! A well-known magazine offers me two dollars and a half for one dollar, stressing the advisability of my investing my savings according to their advice, citing as evidence of their ability to advise a case where a man of affairs came to them with one hundred thousand dollars to reinvest. This magazine was once a religious journal and now claims it holds first place among all printed matter as authority on all things this side of heaven. A strange thing about this last offer is that they gave me until the seventeenth of the month to take their offer, and did not mail the notice from New York until the twenty-third of the same month.

But number four had the prime offer. This concern would give me "absolutely free" one of the most wonderful volumes of its kind the modern world ever saw, and in addition, for the small sum of four dollars, send me their regular publication, which is about to answer the greatest and most vital questions of the day, namely:

"Will the new Congress lighten the burden taxation?

"Will America change its policy of isolatic towards Europe?

"Will Germany and Russia join hands?

"Will Turkey force Europe into a new war?

"Will the Fordney-McCumber tariff impro business?

"Can Europe pay her debts?

"Will the living cost continue to rise?

"Will wages go higher?

"And all other vital and important subjects."

Now I will leave it to you if these tempting offe should not be heeded. But so it goes these day nobody even offering to relieve my mind as to wheth Dr. Grant is to be thrown out of the Episcopal Chur or whether Dr. Frank Oliver Hall is "to die with h boots on," or whether the insurance company which I have my policy for my good wife's sake going to fail before or after I am dead.

We are spending a whole lot of time "fiddli while Rome burns" and enjoying the scenery. W are spending millions of money in trying to wigg other millions out of the pockets of other peop and call ourselves "efficient." The "specialized staf and the "efficient" agents together with the "exper professor and the highly "nationalized" congressm and senator have all got the solvent of the work difficulty up their sleeves and are soon to break t news. Learned men are spending months of time different investigations—how long the sun will ke hot; whether man was made of mud or is of monk origin; whether the race is soon to fade out, or wheth it is worth while to go on with our perfectly inadequa civilization.

In the meantime everybody is rapping t Church and calling the ministers bad names becau the Church and the minister dare, in these "e lightened" and "modern" times, to mention the fa that God has still something to do with the runni of the universe and has a care for the way the peo on earth live and think and love.

I don't know just why, but somehow I still l lieve that God is, and loves and cares for His cr tion. It may be that this is a sort of soothing syr to my soul and I am hoping to "get by" with it a few more years, but it seems very strange to that this present generation should blossom out all once with so much wisdom, and such cocksuren that they can get along very well without God or a

nought of Him, when all humanity has been slowly oiling along the way for countless centuries, "feeling fter lest haply they may find Him." Is it no longer matter of concern? In our highly specialized age re we to abandon the pursuit of the ages because God can not be shown on the movie film, or was not present yesterday morning at the opening of the stock xchange? Are we ministers, who, our business friends declare, couldn't run a peanut stand and make it pay, so to socialize our calling that we shall forget the first tenets of our profession?

Is mine a hopeless task, or have I simply drifted on the rocks in the fog of materialism?

Such is the effect of my morning mail, but then, I forgot, the *Leader* came with the envelopes, and doubtless that will help me in my difficulty.

A Bundle of Exchanges

IT was only a small bundle of religious journals—six cents postage carried it to the steamer on which I sailed—but I am struck by the high quality and deep interest of the articles contained therein, and moved to make a brief review of it.

In my bundle are January issues of eight different religious weeklies—the *Christian Register* (Unitarian), *Zion's Herald* (Methodist, centennial number), the *Continent* (Presbyterian), *Christian Work* and the *Christian Century* (both non-sectarian), the *Congregationalist, Western Unitarian* and the *Universalist Leader*.

The *Christian Register* is one of the cleanest looking, best printed, best arranged of the lot. And it stands the test of a voyage. Out at sea, there is room for God—a wide expanse of sea and sky, great masses of clouds, far views, and, on this voyage at least, unlimited sunshine.

An editorial like that in the *Register* for Jan. 4 on "These Are One" fits this environment. It is a comment on the report of Prof. George Foot Moore of the Theological School of Harvard University on "The Two Traditions"—Andover Seminary and Harvard Divinity School now merged in the new Harvard School. Here are brought together many denominations, many types of mind, working along various lines but working with the universe, not trying to make the sun stand still in the heavens, not angry at the stars or even the little flying fish, "using modern fundamental principles of historical criticism and interpretation as applied to the Bible and to all religious experience." "And all these (Unitarians, Universalists, evangelical type, Episcopal order, radicals, conservatives) give intimation every day, by their unity, of the same spirit which one day will bring the united new Church for which we live and labor."

S. T. furnishes one of his illuminating letters from Washington, dealing always with the outstanding event of the week.

Edward H. Cotton, associate editor of the *Register*, writes a fascinating interview with Donald B. Macmillan upon the Eskimo. "They never fight with any other tribe, they therefore find it very difficult to understand why the peoples of the earth killed each other in the great war. They said it must be *piblocto*, running amuck, as their dogs do when they get this madness on them." The other seven journals might well copy it.

And so on, with Steinmetz on "Industrial Cooperation" and Fairley on Carver and Carver on Fairley, to the best book reviews in the bundle, we find a paper worth carrying along any distance to read.

The one hundredth anniversary number of *Zion's Herald* is also worth paying postage on, to any country, at any rate.

The cover page is the most artistic thing religious journalism has produced in many a day. "What the Editor Sees" from his window, "two views of Copley, the most beautiful square in America," may explain the clear view and the far view of this fearless journal of real liberalism. The two views take in the public library and the New Old South, and Trinity Church under a mantle of fresh fallen snow.

The article upon "The Making of the *Herald*" is fascinating. "Right here it might be said that it is this forward looking quality which gives journalism, at least religious journalism, such a controlling hold on those engaged in it. One goal is no sooner reached than there is another ahead upon which all our powers must be concentrated. Like the apostle, we must forget those things that are behind and reach forth unto those things which are before."

Congratulations to *Zion's Herald* come from all over the world. Writing from Milan, Italy, Vincenzo C. Nitti, editor of an Italian Protestant journal, says: "I like to remember that maddening vision which in the Castle of Wartburg disturbed the work of Martin Luther as he was intent on translating the Bible into the language of the people. On the day when the great reformer . . . flung his ink well at the Tempter, a new symbol arose to signify that he who wishes to win the struggle for faith against the spirit of darkness should adopt the ink—that is the powerful arm of the press."

And as George Elliott, editor of the *Methodist Review*, remarks, "Those of us who edit other periodicals will not allow ourselves to be envious, or embarrassed by the pre-eminent ability of *Zion's Herald*, but see in it a challenge to bringing a sterner stress to our tasks and winning a larger success."

I have not read the *Continent* enough to have a background for a judgment about the issue of Jan. 11 which I find in my bundle. It is a combination of the *Interior* and the *Westminster*. The two long articles in the issue are of such absorbing interest that I have forgotten where I was as I read them. No task about that. One is "On the Edge of Cannibal Land," by Nolan R. Best—stories of Chalmers, the first missionary to New Guinea, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, killed by the natives twenty years ago in some pagan ceremonial, and of the Rev. Charles W. Abel, headworker there for the London Missionary Society, and now visiting the United States. For pictures of real adventure this equals "Beasts, Men and Gods," John Buchan's "World War," or Nick Carter. That is the kind of stuff I'd like to print now and then in any paper I might help edit. No

question of Presbyterian or Universalist ever occurs as one reads it. It is human, elemental, as far away from sects as a lot of American boys charging a machine gun nest.

And New Guinea, by the way, is the large, wild, savage, unexplored island off to the south of the Philippines, where the British Government made districts for missionaries and kept the natives from ever hearing anything about sects.

The other article was very different. It was on "Inspiration." "The true God got His Bible written as he gets all His other works in the world done, by men using for Him all the gifts and capacities with which He endowed them. The Holy Spirit has no preference for low grade mental tools. There seems to be discoverable no defined line of difference by which to distinguish the operation of the spirit in the mind and soul of a Bible writer from the same spirit's guidance and governing of an average Christian life along lines of average duty." Verily, intelligent consecrated men are coming to talk much the same language.

As to *Christian Work*, I have felt for some time that, whether we agree with it or disagree, we need this paper of Frederick Lynch. It is a journal of applied Christianity. It is against war, like all the rest of us, but so positively against it that it is for a League of Nations to insure peace. It talks sense about the "I. W. W." and political prisoners, urging us to get to the roots of these questions. It keeps us informed about the striking things in the field of social service. It defends despised races and advocates practical action leading to the square deal.

In the issue for Jan. 13, Dr. Cadman writes on "The American Negro," and Dr. Huntington, associate editor, upon the sensation Samuel C. Benson made in London with his "Bible Healing." Among other interesting features is a letter from Theodore Bortoli, a wealthy young Italian resident in Smyrna when the massacre took place. It is one of the most concrete and vivid stories that has been printed of that terrible event. "Any warship," he says, "could have prevented what followed had it fired two warning shots. After the massacre was under way only an army could have saved the people."

I have left little space, little paper, little ink, little time, for the others. Joseph Fort Newton is one of the editors of the *Christian Century*, and his associates are Morrison and Willet, making three of the best editors in the religious field—all on one paper. The advertising the *Christian Century* has done and the high grade paper they have produced has made everybody else hustle.

The *Congregationalist* and *Western Unitarian* I have reserved to read another week. On the *Congregationalist* I see the name of Daniel Evans. He is writing on "Are Jesus' Problems Ours?" And Wm. W. Rockwill, correspondent of the *Congregationalist* in the Near East, is writing on "Developments in Lausanne." Both are well worth reading. It is interesting to me from an editorial standpoint to see how far the *Congregationalist* reaches in its effort to get news of all parts of our common Christendom, and how broad it is in its interpretation of its own particular field.

Nor is our own *Leader* the last to be read, even though I know in advance all that is in it. Curiously, we like to turn first to what we know about most.

There is "good reading" in the current religious press. One can find real entertainment, important information, and an impulse to Christian action. I doubt if we realize the influence it wields.

And as for myself, one of the happiest thoughts which comes to me is that I am tied up to a task where it is my Christian duty to read regularly these fascinating and stimulating things.

J. V. S.

Colon, Jan. 29, 1923.

Washington Letter

Clarence E. Rice

WHILE I have been here but two months and have nothing sensational to report, I feel that it is only right that those who are so deeply interested in our church in the Capital City should hear from time to time of the work here.

For practically twenty-three years Dr. van Schaick has directed the fortunes of the Church of Our Father, and every one was more than glad to have him elected pastor *emeritus*. It makes all feel that he still "belongs" although he may be far away.

After the very pleasant reception to Dr. and Mrs. van Schaick and the new pastor and his wife at the home of Hon. and Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. van Schaick started on their trip around the world with the hearty good wishes of every one in the parish. Letters and cards from Havana and Panama tell of their comfort and enjoyment of the first stage of their long journey.

The installation of Dr. van Schaick's successor as pastor of the Washington church occurred on Sunday evening, Feb. 4. The service was in charge of Dr. Le Grand Powers, who conducted it most impressively. A telegram received late on Saturday telling of the illness of Dr. J. Fort Newton, who was to preach the sermon, caused great consternation, but his place was taken very acceptably by Dr. Durkee, president of Howard University. The prayer of installation by Dr. J. N. Pierce of the First Congregational Church, the charge to the pastor by Dr. Sterrett of All Souls Episcopal Church, both of Washington, a letter read by Dr. Powers from Dr. U. G. B. Pierce of the Unitarian church, also of this city, who was prevented from being present by an attack of grippe, and the fine music rendered by the choir, combined to make the service a memorable one and the large congregation went away from the installation gratified and hopeful for the future.

Each week sees growing interest in the church and increasing enthusiasm as the reports relative to the new buildings of the National Memorial come in.

The new lot, as many know, is on New Hampshire Avenue, one of the most beautiful avenues in Was

igton. For much of the way it is bordered by arch- ig elms with palatial homes, some of the finest in the ty, on either side. The lot itself is much more spa- ous than I had supposed, and is bordered by three reets. It fronts on two open park triangular spaces hich can never be built upon. The new church uildings will have a beautiful setting and will fur- ish a striking picture. If all the plans are carried it our new National Memorial Church will compare ell with the other great church edifices that are under onstruction by other communions.

During the absence of Dr. and Mrs. van Schaick ie new pastor and family will occupy the van Schaick ome at 1417 Massachusetts Avenue. By this more ian generous offer the new incumbent is relieved of a ery difficult problem, for the housing situation here Washington has not been an easy one since the pening of the war. This spacious house for years as not only been the manse but has been used largely s a parish house as well, and we hope it will be so sed during the coming months.

Friends of New England write of deep snow and n old-fashioned winter, but here in the Capital, so ar, we have no severe cold and almost no snow. Al- eady there is now and again a suggestion of spring. noticed the other day on the street great buds had tarted on some shrubs and the lilac buds are swelling.

We have been so busy gathering up the lines of ork in the parish that we have had little time to do" Washington. Lectures, conferences, conventions, addresses by celebrated men and women, are afforded, and now and again it is a great privilege to take advantage of these. The great sights of the beautiful city will come later.

Social life is much in evidence and with the many nations represented here the different functions along social lines are varied and interesting. With Mrs. Harding's illness the receptions at the White House ceased. But at the embassies there are parties, receptions and functions of various kinds of general interest. Recently the German Embassy gave the first reception since the new *regime*. The kaiser's picture was gone from its long accustomed place, the furnishings were of the simplest, and gone were all the pomp and splendor of Bernstorff's treacherous days. It was stated at that reception that unless matters mended in the Ruhr these functions would not be continued.

At the British Embassy the atmosphere seems brighter. I lived for the first two months after my arrival but a few doors from this Embassy. At a reception given to the English debt refunding commission, the preparations were elaborate and the assemblage brilliant and very large. The call for carriages lasted from a little after ten in the evening until one in the morning. To those of us not accustomed to diplomatic life all these phases of social life of different nationalities are interesting, for Washington is cosmopolitan and it is worth while to observe the people of the world.

The Call to the Church to Develop Christian International Life*

Charles H. Brent

IF we take a common interpretation of the Church to-day, that it is a little company of like-minded people formed chiefly for their own spiritual prosperity, with no serious obligation or or genuine interest in the nation's welfare, much ess the world's, we negative the Christian motive and inder Christian progress. There never was, there ever can be, a narrower work for the Christian Church han the world. Whatever sails on a lesser sea is not he ark of salvation, nor does it even belong to the Christian fleet.

This is our first and most deep-seated duty—to ecognize, as the Church of Christ, that our business with "all nations," and that we must secure what as been termed "the return of Christendom," that is o say, a society dominated by the Christian motive. The concerted acceptance of such a commission, unreservedly and honestly, as their only justification for xistence, would do more to unify and vitalize the hurches than any other one activity. The difficulty f the task is proportionate to its importance, but it epresents a goal which, let obstacles be what they ay, must never be abandoned. Unless the Christian egins with and adheres to it, all else will be futile.

Assuming our acceptance of God's great purpose, we face the puzzle of co-operating with Him in work ing it out. It is a puzzle. But like all divinely constructed puzzles there is a key to it. That key is fellowship—fellowship with God and in God with one another. Fellowship is not merely a unifying force but also unity itself. It is the only end which is its own means. Under its influence all interests can be reconciled with mutual good-will born of mutual understanding and mutual forbearance. It is the foremost business of the Churches to promote good-will among their own members and with one another. Just now we are considering the larger groupings of the human family. The same key, however, applies corporately as well as personally. The fellowship between nations must be controlled by love, joy, peace, good temper, kindliness, generosity, fidelity, gentleness, self-control. It is the responsibility of the Christian Church to bring about this end. Conferences of representatives of the nations, in view of the impossibility of conferences of the nations themselves, are the greatest instrument at our disposal for the promotion of good-will. Herein consists the chief and sufficient cure for war.

Let us remember what war is. It is the fruit of sectional good-will without regard to the total commonwealth, a perversion of the Christian motive and method. By its organized confusion it degrades the

*From an address delivered by Bishop Brent as the closing essage at the annual meeting of the Federal Council of the hurches at Indianapolis.

saving principle of fellowship into a means of injury and destruction. The world does not need any further exhibition of war's museum of horrors to entice men away from its psuedo-glory. We all hate it. But we must not forget the commanding position it has held from the beginning of human society till now—it is the final arbiter in international disputes. It is just as irrational as trial by fire. But throwing stones at it does no good. Declaring it outlawed is futile, for the outlaw is a particularly dangerous enemy. If we dethrone it, we must have a superior monarch to occupy its place.

Again we are confronted by a puzzle. Our theories are good but human nature is not good, hence practical application is the perplexity of the moment. So far as the Churches are concerned there remain still some elementary measures to be taken. Now is the time to establish a league of peace among the whole assortment of Christian denominations which clutter up the human landscape. During the late war Christian fought against Christian, and, worse still, members of the same Christian body fought against one another.

I recognize that it would be inadequate for us to agree that we would not fight. But why could we not set ourselves as Christians to discover the substitute for war, and then pledge ourselves to demand of our respective governments use of the substitute to the exclusion of war! Veterans of many countries, tens of millions strong, are already banded together in *La Federation Interalliee des Anciens Combattants*—popularly known as the Fidac—as the sworn enemies of war and with a clearly defined policy how to replace it with a rational arbiter between nation and nation. Even the Buddhists in the Orient, it is reported, have massed their strength similarly. We, too, are making some progress in the same direction by existing organizations of the Churches, but our latent and unexploited forces are greater than those which have been called into activity. What is specially needed at this hour is constructive and "preventive statesmanship" in the Churches. There has been a lot of loose talk of late among churchmen, and equally loose criticism of the Churches by non-churchmen, on the subject of war. But I am speaking for unnumbered multitudes when I affirm that there are no more deadly foes of war on earth than the great mass of churchmen.

What is the duty of organized Christianity in America in relation to shaping the international mind and policy of our nation? We accept the conclusions of our distinguished fellow citizen and statesman, Elihu Root, that the demand of the people of a democracy for control of foreign affairs is "a step in the direct line of development of democratic government, which, according to the nature of democracies, will not be retraced. . . . The usefulness of this departure is subject to one inevitable condition. That is, the democracy which is undertaking to direct the business of diplomacy shall learn the business." No one will dispute the function of representative government to interpret and apply the mind of the people, but in order that it may do this the voice of the people must be heard. Organizations of commerce, of agriculture, of literature, of health, must be unfailing in registering the popular mind on these matters in Washington. Organized Christianity must be alert equally in pressing on the attention of the Government the mind of its constituency in all matters that pertain to the moral responsibility of the nation and the sanctity of human life. Of course our representatives in Washington are our leaders. We look to them as experts for distinctness of policy. Where this is lacking we have a duty, rather than a right, to use our prerogative of offering definite plans for their consideration. A democratic government that merely awaits the mandate of the people without instituting a progressive course of education among its citizenry, is abdicating leadership. With the desire not to embarrass but to help the Government, representatives of American Christianity recently approached the Secretary of State with well-weighed proposals which were received with courteous attention. We have no reason to abate our insistence of these proposals in the light of subsequent events.

It is the duty of the Church to aid the Government in giving practical expression to the accepted fact of the community of nations. Should the Churches agree on a way of reaching this end, the formulation and presentation of their thought is a normal feature of democracy, liable to no resentment, capable of great usefulness. I am voicing the thought of multitudes of American Christians when I express the opinion that our Government should without further delay give the country a clear idea of its mind on the community of nations.

Permit me again to quote words of Mr. Root, words with which, this time, I can not agree:

> "This great fact of the community of nations is not involved at all in any question about the 'League of Nations' or any other association of nations founded upon contract. The 'League of Nations' is merely a contract between the signers of the instrument by which they agree to super-add to the existing usages, customs, laws, rights and obligations of the existing community of nations, certain other rights and obligations which shall bind the signers as matter of contract. Whether a country enters into that contract or not, its membership of the community of nations continues with all the rights and obligations incident to that membership."

Mr. Root's conclusion is illogical and contrary to human experience. Had the founders of our Republic acted on this theory, there could never have been a United States of America. For what is our country but an "association of nations founded upon contract?" Ideals demand embodiment. The alternative is their death. President Wilson presented an embodiment which was rejected by our nation. But it will rebound to his undying credit that he had courage to experiment. In rejecting the embodiment, the nation did not reject the ideal. As I view it we are in honor bound either to ally ourselves to the League of Nations in some organic way in which we shall accept responsibility as well as give advice, or else produce a superior substitute. The President's latest message to Congress leads us to suppose that a substitute is about to be born, but it should not be delayed in its birth. The crisis of the moment, in a period of emergencies, calls for instant aid which nobody but America can give. Whatever happens, the Church may not relax its vigilance, or relinquish its duty. The Church is guardian for all time of the family character of mankind.

Our Opportunity in China

Sherwood Eddy

The following passages from a letter just received from Sherwood Eddy ought to kindle the imagination and quicken the interest of every Christian in America, and most of all Universalists, to whom the brotherhood of man is more than a phrase. China is to-day the great Christian opportunity of the world, and the following passages from Mr. Eddy's letter have the vision of world statesmanship in them as well as the spirit of Christian brotherhood.

THE growth of Christianity during the last decade is very striking in this city of Hangchow. Ten years ago when Dr. Mott and I were in China Mr. Wen, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, came to Shanghai to ask for a Y. M. C. A. building for his city and province. Eight years ago this same man accepted Christ and has stood since as a fearless witness for Christianity. To-day the beautiful new Y. M. C. A. building stands before us as an epitome of all that is best in western civilization, with seventeen hundred non-Christian young men enrolled in Bible classes. In the last three cities visited over twelve hundred non-Christians in each Association are enrolled in Bible classes. Could any three neighboring associations, colleges or churches in America show an equal number of non-Christian men who are studying the Bible under Christian teachers? So far as I know China presents the largest evangelistic opportunity in the world to-day.

The industrial need of China is as striking as the evangelistic opportunity. In no country in the world have I found such conditions in industry. In Shanghai we visited cotton mills where children from seven to twelve years of age were working seven days a week for eight cents a day. They work twelve hours on the day and twelve on the night shifts. Women with bound feet carrying their babies to the mill were working for fourteen cents a day. The children play about the machinery while the mothers are at work or sleep on the floor during the long hours of the night shift.

As soon as they are old enough to start to work, which is usually about the age of seven, they are paid six or eight cents for twelve hours work. As we stood in the streets between five and six o'clock in the morning thousands were pouring out of the roaring factories weary after the long night shift. The narrow streets and alleys were pouring forth streams of humanity from the homes and hovels of the poor who were coming to replace their fellow workers at the unceasing machines. From 5.30 a. m. to 5.30 p. m. and from 5.30 p. m. to 5.30 a. m., they toil on throughout the year with no Christian Sabbath of rest.

In the silk filatures we found girls from six to twelve years of age working for from five to ten cents a day. Women with their babies lying beside them on the floor were working more than twelve hours a day. In another factory one woman had her child nursing strapped at her breast while with two hands and one foot occupied she continued to feed her machine. In the weaving and rug factories of China, I found children working from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, earning from three to twelve cents a day. In thousands of cases these children receive no wages whatever, but only their food.

I visited the homes of the poor and found from twenty to forty people, men, women and children, were crowded in small hovels of two rooms which were subdivided into little holes and shelves entered from rickety stairs or ladders.

To see if anything could be done to change these conditions we first met the Chinese Governor at Wuchang who had invited some of the Chinese employers to discuss the situation with us. We then held two conferences with the foreign employers of Hankow and addressed the Chinese National Chamber of Commerce on the crying need of the industrial situation.

In Hangchow we held a conference with the employers. In Shanghai on the night of our arrival we were invited to address the Foreign Employers Federation and Cotton Mill Owners' Association on the labor situation. We next had a conference with the Chinese employers. A conference with industrial leaders was called from all parts of China and a permanent organization was formed under a committee of the National Christian Council on the Economic and Industrial Relations of the Church. Corresponding members were appointed in all parts of the country for the raising up of a new social and industrial leadership in the Church. Meetings were also held in the cathedral, the churches and with various other bodies on the industrial situation.

Resolutions had been passed at the recent National Christian Conference that, "In view of the difficulty of immediate application of the League of Nations standard to the industrial situation in China, the following standard be adopted and promoted by the Church for application now: No employment of children under twelve full years of age. One day's rest in seven. The safeguarding of the health of workers by the limitation of working hours, improvement of sanitary conditions, and installation of safety devices."

This resolution was presented at our conference with employers in Chefoo and was accepted by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, and also by the Chamber of Commerce in Peking, where the representatives of forty guilds were present. An awakening conscience is observable in some of the leaders all over China on these questions.

A deep discontent on the part of exploited labor is manifesting itself in strikes throughout this country. This movement began with the now historic Seaman's strike in Hongkong only two years ago. Some employers are awakening to a new sense of their responsibility. The leaders of the Church are becoming aroused. Series of articles are appearing in the press which mark the beginning of an awakening of public opinion that is at last demanding a change of these conditions. Now is the time to aid China in

solving this vast industrial problem. Here some three hundred millions are engaged in agriculture and primitive industries. China is now becoming rapidly industrialized. Modern mills are springing up all over the country. There is desperate need of solving this problem for the toiling millions of one-quarter of the human race that is now entering upon a new industrial era.

A Vision of Brotherhood

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I have just returned from a visit with your children—boys and girls who would not be living to-day had not the *Universalist Leader* and other sympathetic publications given the facts to the American public, who responded with the necessary funds for the rescue of these children.

I saw a thousand of them, all boys, potential leaders of a new Near East, occupying the Kaiser's Summer Palace at Corfu. I saw another 1,400 Armenian boys at Corfu—driven out of Asia Minor—temporarily domiciled in a half-ruined, abandoned warehouse. Most of them were sleeping on the floors, but some more fortunate occupied bins like shelving against the wall, floor to roof, six deep. I saw nearly a thousand boys recently arrived from "Pontus in Asia" now sleeping on the floors of the Zappeion Exposition Hall in Athens.

I saw four hundred girls, safe from Turkish oppression, occupying the Royal Palace facing Constitution Square in the heart of Athens. I saw another 1,300 Armenian girls, salvaged from the orphanages of Constantinople. Some of these girls I recognized as members of a school orchestra that had played for our benefit at a reception the preceding summer, now transplanted, empty-handed, to begin life anew in a strange land. I saw sixty-seven of these younger girls, all of them suffering from conjunctivitis, crowded into one room 20 x 20 feet in size, a cold rain falling outside, with no other place of abode, eating, sleeping, working or playing, night or day. I saw in another room, scarcely larger, sixty-six infants, most, if not all of them, under three years of age, some of them dying as a result of the weeks of exposure, undernourishment, and hardship endured during their migration in mid-winter from the interior of Asia Minor to their temporary home in Greece.

I saw a portion of the 9,000 Armenian orphans who, by the grace of the Greek Government and people, are temporarily occupying summer hotel buildings, but for whom we absolutely must provide other shelter before the summer begins in April.

Where shall these Armenian orphans go?

I saw three ships in the Piraeus Harbor, crowded beyond capacity with over 10,000 refugees from Anatolia, who could not be disembarked from their long journey and unsanitary environment on account of inadequate quarantine accommodations. I saw a single ship that had carried 27,000 refugees from Smyrna to safety, transporting the incredible number of 11,500 on one voyage.

I saw in Constantinople Harbor another ship, decks packed with refugees obliged to flee from their homes in Asia Minor but having no place to land except—Greece, war-stricken, impoverished, overpopulated, the one country on earth that can least afford to extend hospitality to foreign refugees.

I saw Premier Gonatas, who, in behalf of the Greek Government, had welcomed to safety on Greek soil tens of thousands of Armenian refugees in addition to a million refugees of his own race, and who said that the Greek nation could never forget the service rendered by American relief workers in saving the lives and evacuating untold thousands of refugees during and following the Smyrna disaster.

I saw in one ramshackle building in Constantinople 300 newly made orphans, whom Near East Relief workers had picked up in the streets and abandoned homes of the one town of Ordu, Asia Minor.

I met in Constantinople our managing directors from the Caucasus, Syria and Palestine, reviewed with them the reports of the 25,000 Armenian orphans who are dependent upon us for their daily food in the Caucasus and of the 11,000 orphans in Syria and Palestine, more than 9,000 of whom are Armenians recently driven out from Harpoot, Caesarea, Marash, Konia (Iconium) and other areas of Paul's early missionary ministry into Syria and Palestine.

In my vision, I saw my own great, rich America, "clothed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day," enjoying comforts, luxuries, wealth transcending the dreams of the ancients, surpassing anything that the world has ever known, and which no American can appreciate until he has walked through the refugee camps in the "Land of the Stalking Death."

And I saw some—yes, many—of these fortunate American citizens expressing true religion and human brotherhood through giving of their bounty to bind up the wounds of those who have been stricken and robbed by the wayside, buying bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and medical ministry for the sick.

And I saw in this unselfish ministry of the American philanthropists the best pledge and guarantee of international friendship, brotherhood, and good-will to all men, binding the nations together in co-operation that will make war increasingly difficult, because men and women thus united come to love and not to hate one another.

And I saw in the dim, more distant future these infant children, grown to manhood and womanhood, with the impress of American benevolence on their lives, with the lessons of forgiveness, love and unselfish service ingrained in their character.

And I saw these—your boys and girls—potential leaders of a new Near East, forgiving their enemies, serving their fellow men, and passing on to generations yet unborn the gospel of love, good will and service which they have received and are receiving from you and other American philanthropists.

That which battleships and battalions have failed to accomplish the magic power of love, unselfish service and world brotherhood will yet achieve.

C. V. Vickrey.

The National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House

More Comments

We are very much in sympathy with the Memorial Church idea, and I am sure our people here will do all they are able. This is not a large nor a wealthy church, but the people are faithful to our denominational interests and endeavors.

Herbert H. Graves.

Girard, Pa.

I want to congratulate you most heartily on the fine presentation of the Washington Church and the Perin-Cate House in the last issue of the *Leader*. It was magnificent and ought to appeal very strongly to our people.

Roger S. Galer.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Am I right in believing that the *Leader* of late has developed a new vision and spirit? At any rate it has an attraction for me now that it did not possess a few months ago.

C. F. McIntire.

Concord, Vt.

The New Year's *Leader* is a humdinger and a ringing call to enlistment in a work worth while. Here in Pasadena our hands are full and our pockets nearly empty, but we shall do our part as soon as we can get to it.

Carl F. Henry.

Pasadena, Cal.

The New Year's *Leader* was to our people a vivid and joyous revelation of the wondrous dynamic of our gospel and our Zion

James Houghton.

Junction City, Kansas.

We erected a marble tablet in our church for the thirty enlisted men in the World War, two of whom gave their lives for their country. I feel sure of the support of the families of these men when I say that I personally approve of the plans of the General Convention for a Memorial Church in Washington; and my Universalist antecedents are such that anything less than my enthusiastic support of your plans for a memorial shrine for our fathers in faith would be disloyalty on my part.

Lucius R. Paige.

North Cambridge, Mass.

It was a great *Leader*. The three-building idea is a dream I have long held for a modern functioning church plant.

John Edwin Price.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have seen the Washington lot. I expect to live to see the wonderful church to be erected on it. The New Year's *Leader* can not fail to contribute to that end. At Inman's Chapel we are framing the pictures for our chapel wall. We have already sent our small but heartfelt contribution.

Hannah Jewett Powell.

Sunburst, N. C.

We must ever have a Supreme Motive to function effectively as a Church. Such is the great vision of the Washington Memorial.

Bernard C. Ruggles.

Oakland, Cal.

The New Year issue of the *Leader* gave a splendid presentation of our next undertaking as a denomination. We have the people and the resources to accomplish this project. We can do it and then "some more."

Fred C. Leining.

Providence, R. I.

I should like to add my endorsement to the plans for the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House, both from the standpoint of their serviceability, and of their strategic value in strengthening the position of the denomination when we shall be ready to make our contribution toward the unification of Protestant Christianity.

Harry F. Shook.

Brunswick, Me.

The New Year's *Leader* was very fine. The two enterprises we have before us are appealing, especially that of the "Perin-Cate House." My people and I are new to each other here, but trust we shall be in the spirit to do our best.

Edward M. Miner.

Marseilles, Ill.

I was extremely interested in every page of our New Year's *Leader*. I think so much of the photogravures that I am going to frame them for my study so that I may have constantly before my mind in pictures the fact that I belong to a Church that is moving ahead.

Wm. A. Garner.

Stockton, Ill.

The New Year's issue of the *Leader* was a great advocate of a Great Cause. If every Universalist could read and digest its contents it would make them more interested in the work of our Church and more loyal to its principles. We are on the way toward bigger and better things.

George Wilson Scudder.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.

That was an excellent number of the *Leader*.

Charles P. Hall.

Valley Falls, R. I.

Surely! Any one might write a filled full postal of good things about the *Leader*, for every day and in every way the *Leader* is growing better and better. I am not lying to my "abominable parts," either. I am supported in the truth of my affirmation by the word of that young lady of ninety-nine, Mrs. Devoe of Fort Plain. I like pictures as also I like pleas. They call us to effort with which I have not yet become "disgusted."

E. L. Conklin.

Derby Line, Vt.

The New Year's number of the *Leader* reached us in good shape and was certainly a fine edition.

Will A. Kelley.

Lewiston, Me.

My heartiest congratulations on the National Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate House projects. The Memorial Church will add grace to our Capital, be a credit to our faith, and an appropriate expression of our gratitude to all whom we would honor.

Alfred J. Cardall.

Portsmouth, N. H.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Keturah and Coue

THERE was a day when it rained. And I said, On this day no one will call; and it is so wet not many will telephone. I have a Book which I desire to read Consecutively. This is my Opportunity.

And just as I was nice y started, there came Keturah, and she inquired of me, saying, What dost thou think of this man, Coue?

And I said, Hour by hour, this gentle shower, is getting wetter and wetter.

And she said, I have a task for thee, which I have been reserving for a day like this. There is a shade that is off its roller, and it needeth to be nailed. Come thou with me, and let us attend to it.

And I said, Day by day, in every way, thou art more and more of a bother.

And she said, It is well for thee that I bother thee. Wherefore shouldest thou wear thy life out among musty books, when thou hast a wife, and curtains, and other matters of interest?

And I said, Keturah, when thou seest thy husband settled with a book, and perfectly happy, then thou comest, as Eve came into Eden. And thou sayest, It is not good for a man that he be so well content with himself. Go to, let me discover if there be not a Rug to be beaten, or a Picture to be hanged, or something that hath a Screw loose.

And Keturah said, Oh, my lord, I know, and every woman doth know, that it is not easy for men to get along with us, but it is harder to get along without us.

And I said, Yea, and that knowledge hath been mighty useful unto the more interesting half of the Human Race.

And she said, Come, and let us mend that Window shade.

So I laid down my book and went with Keturah. For there be three women for whom I will lay down a book at any time. One of them is Keturah, and another is the daughter of Keturah, and the third is the daughter of the daughter of Keturah.

And as we wrought together, Keturah said,

Now tell me what thou thinkest about Coue.

And I said, Day by day, in every way, the body is affected by the mind. And no man knoweth the limits of the power of the one upon the other. But this we know, that many folk are sick chiefly because they think they are; and some folk are well, not because they have no Infirmities, but because they have courage and faith enough to rise above them, and trust God and act as if they were well. Now, the devil doth make use of this fact, to fill the mind of folk with Vain Imaginations and Foolish Fears, and with Self-pitying confessions that they are sick. It were well, therefore, for sensible folk to use the same power, and to be as well as they may.

And she said, Then mayest thou say, Day by day, in every way, I love my wife's work better than play.

And I said, Keturah, thou art invaluable, and so is my Conscience, and both thee and my Conscience keep me from becoming too indolent and complacent. But having to live with both thee and my Conscience maketh me almost a Bigamist.

* * *

THE FUTURE LIFE

Olney I. Darling

SAID Lyman Abbott: "I await it with awe, but without apprehension." An English bishop said: "To me it is a matter of intense curiosity." One or the other of the above statements fits the mood of most modern men. We can not dismiss the future even if present conditions leave people cold and naked.

When God would give an idea the widest currency, He impresses it upon the human mind. The future life is a certainty. What is it like? In these suggestions, I follow Erskine (Spiritual Order) and am not ashamed to say, "It seems so to me."

Education, and not probation, being the process and end of the moral life, the time-honored division of souls into two groups seems untenable. No one is good enough for that perfect bliss, none bad enough for perdition. As the dead pass on to the higher school, do they lose interest in the grades, where their friends are still at work? "I am with you always even unto the end of the world. I will endeavor, after my decease, that ye may have these things." A good friend said to the writer: "You do your duty, and you will have a good time, and we will be with you and help you." That the dead can help the living is one of the plain statements of Scripture, and a necessary inference from our principle of education. The ones who cared most for us, encouraged and believed in us, shall they forget? Not so does it seem to me.

A recent inquirer in the *Leader* wishes to know precisely what the dead are doing. These matters are high, who is sufficient for them? The particulars of the spirit life! "The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is every one that is born of the spirit."

Think of these four possible occupations:

1. In the future life, God is praised.

2. The dwellers upon the earth are encouraged from that better country, even the heavenly.

3. The dead are still getting good and imparting good to those less advanced than themselves.

4. The dead are permitted to make excursions to distant parts of the universe.

These suggestions appear to accord with reason and scripture, and to be free from the charge of materialism. They afford room for progress—nay, they demand it. Education is the calling out of human powers, their exercise and development. The

religious world rejects probation—there is only one other way, education.

What a father would do for his child, God will do for His children; as to the working hours and the holidays, we can well afford to wait.

* * *

"THE UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCH"

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am a member of the Universalist church here, but more than half a century ago I was taught my theology from the Unitarian pulpit in Ellsworth, Maine. We know that independence as well as dependence comes through and by the Universal Brotherhood into which we are all born, and from which there is no escape. Let us be the United Protestant Church. Always protesting against evil which enslaves, always united to seek, to find, and to live the truth which makes free.

Margaret C. Danforth.

Dover-Foxcroft, Me.

* * *

FROM ONE WHO LIKES THE LEADER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I have been reading from week to week the suggestions offered for the betterment of the *Leader*.

For forty years I have lived where there has been no Universalist church. During the major part of that time I taught in Orthodox Sunday schools, and hope I did something towards spreading the spirit of Universalism, even if I added no names to the church roll.

During all these years I have been a subscriber to the church paper under its various names, and possibly have kept in as close touch with the work of the Church as have some with better church privileges.

Every issue of the *Leader* I have found good; lately some copies have been excellent. With "a Pacific Coast minister" I, too, would say, "give us frequent looks out and even afar," and with him, too, "I marvel you do so well."

May God speed you in your good work.

J. M. J. Pryne.

* * *

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I wish to express my sincere thanks to you for publishing "Did Jesus Mean It," in your last issue. It is the best article *for me* that I have read in the *Leader* during the three years that I have been taking it.

It clears up a real difficulty that has troubled me for many years. I have been saying that I did not believe that Jesus ever said any such thing. But now I can take a much more satisfactory position. *Thank you.*

I trust that you will pardon me for saying that I did not expect to see such a good and instructive article in a paper that publishes unchallenged an article setting forth that God does not possess the power to stop an automobile. How could you do it? It was awful, the worst that I ever read in a Christian paper. There is a far better reason that might have easily been given, and any public teacher should know what it is.

I am writing as a friend. I do not belong to the Universalist or any other Church. I most heartily believe the five advertised articles of Universalist faith. But I am not an evolutionist and I still believe with Paul, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

I believe in universal salvation and am ready to defend it either in public or private, but this universal evolvement is quite another matter. I do not believe in the inerrancy of the Bible, but I want enough left that I believe to be authentic to serve as a text book.

The *Leader* is improving and I greatly admire its broad and kindly spirit.

Charles F. Lilley.

* * *

PRESIDENT BUTLER ON PROHIBITION

Mr. Butler says that the "revolt" against Prohibition is "not confined to men and women of intelligence and moral sensitiveness in one section alone, but is nation-wide . . . They dissent entirely from the grounds upon which the case for the eighteenth amendment rested," etc. etc.

The facts, briefly stated, are these: (*a*) Before we achieved National Prohibition thirty-three of our forty-eight sovereign states, after years of preparation, and years of warning (?) from the supposedly horrible examples of other "dry" states, had voluntarily and in most cases by large majorities enacted State Prohibition, including wine and beer, and with a full understanding that enactment would mean enforcement. Apparently unaware of their egregious blunders and with strangely sustained tyrannical powers (?) over the real people, they not only enacted Prohibition, but repeatedly and by large majorities defeated any proposals to admit wine and beer. Just how the three-fifths of our entire population, residing in four-fifths of our entire area, have, after deliberately and persistently electing national and state legislators pledged to achieve National Prohibition, been stirred "to nation-wide revolt" is a psychological and sociological somersault which Mr. Butler may be able to explain when he is in a calmer mood. (*b*) There has been for a century not a nation-wide revolution, but a nation-wide evolution in public opinion of the attitude towards the saloon and its wares. Scientists have not left alcohol a single valid claim on human favor. Sociologists had exposed the utter fallacy of any plan for "license and regulation." The church, the school and the home united in obtaining and disseminating knowledge of the facts, and in deliberate, purposeful, long-time opposition to the liquor traffic in every form. (*c*) Nothing is so difficult as to amend the Constitution of the United States. If the liquor interests had been able to control one-half of the votes in only thirteen legislative chambers in the entire nation, they could have defeated this "tyrannical invasion of private life and personal conduct." But it came. And it came not by that imaginary fanatical minority of which we saw so little in 1918, but hear so much now, but by ratification of the amendment by forty-six states, by a vote of 75 per cent of all the state senators, and 79 per cent of all the house members. Six states cast a unanimous vote in both houses. Even Mr. Butler's own state ratified the amendment by a vote of 108 to 51. (*d*) The new Congress is as dry as its predecessor. There is "wide-spread revolt," not over prohibition, but over the pernicious attempts of the forces of lawlessness, with aid from certain high places, to defeat the will of the vast majority of the citizens of the United States. Mr. Butler would do far better, in his exalted position of leadership, to assert that the will of the people is sovereign, than to announce that the remnant of the liquor traffic, with a few persons of unquenchable thirst, can and will forever defy the constitution and nullify the law.—*Harry Adams Hersey, in Muncie (Ind.) Star.*

Home and Children

JUST BEING HAPPY

Just being happy
Is brave work and true,
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing;
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

Just being happy
Helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy
And they not strong.
Your own skies will lighten
If other skies you brighten,
By just being happy
With a heart full of song.

Author Unknown.

* * *

FINDING EASTER

THE girls in Miss Janeway's class flocked out of Sunday school together, chattering like the first robins that could be heard in the orchard back of the church.

"Did you see that lovely flowered ribbon in the window of the millinery shop?" Janet Graham exclaimed. "I am going to ask mother if I can't have my Easter hat trimmed with it."

"They have ever so many new flowers, too," Molly Arnold broke in. "Little bunches of artificial wild flowers, and wreaths of daisies and sprays of lilacs. I want a white leghorn hat trimmed with lilacs. I think it is such a nice fashion to have a new hat for Easter. It makes one feel just like the spring, all dressed up new for Easter Day. That is what Miss Janeway spoke of to-day in class, wasn't it? She said we were to think of Easter as the time when the old things were made new."

Janet considered a minute. "Yes, I know she said that," she assented. "It seemed strange to me though, for Miss Janeway never does seem to think very much about getting new clothes for special occasions. She's going to wear her blue serge suit and her winter hat for the Easter service even if she could have silk and satin if she wanted them." Janet puckered her forehead into a puzzled frown as she spoke, but just then Miss Janeway appeared in the chapel door and the girls rushed over to crowd around her.

She was not much more than a girl herself, the daughter of the rector, and fresh from college. She was full of the rare charm that comes from forgetfulness of self, and her plain clothes only served to enhance the slender grace of her figure, the soft glints of her simply coiled brown hair, and the lights of her deep hazel eyes. She made blue serge take on the regal lines of velvet through the charm of her own winning personality. No wonder her Sunday school class loved her.

"I heard what you were talking about," she said, laughingly. "You are all going to blossom out Easter Sunday like a garden. Of course you will look very pretty; but what, for instance, is the need of Janet's covering up her lovely hair with all that ribbon she is thinking of having on her new hat? And Molly doesn't need blue lilacs, for her eyes are just that color. Do you know, girls, I have just loved those tam-o'shanter caps like your coats that you have worn lately; they look so simple and girlish. Easter comes early this year, and you could just as well wear them a little longer."

Hope Dunbar looked up timidly now, a flush of excitement lighting her pale little face. There had been hard times at Dr. Dunbar's since he had been called to service in the army and left Hope and her mother with very little to keep the home until his return. Hope touched Miss Janeway's arm. "I think that is such a sweet thought of yours," she said, "but every one does always wear something new for Easter. You spoke about it in class to-day. You said, 'The old things shall be made new.' "

Miss Janeway's face lighted in the way that the girls always said made her look like one of the church window angels.

"Yes, that's what Easter means, old branches living again in apple blossoms, and buried bulbs sending up crocuses and tulips and Easter lilies, and dead hearts living again in faith—and the resurrection. Don't you see, girls? We've had the wrong idea about it for ever so long."

They had reached the gate of the rectory now and Miss Janeway turned to the members of the class who were still about her.

"Come in, and let me make you some tea. I want to talk things over with you and see if we can't plan an Easter different from any that we have ever had here in Maywood."

Grouped around the open fire in the living room, and enjoying tea and crisp toast and strawberry jam from dainty rosebud china, the girls talked, and began to understand, and made plans.

"There's ever so much that's old in my house that I can make over, just by helping," Hope said. "Mother's old worries about how she was going to get anything new for me for Easter. I shall just tell her that I am not going to have a new hat. And there is her backache from doing all the housework since we have had to get along without a maid. I didn't think I could spare the time from my school home work to do the dishes, but I will, and iron and dust, and make the beds, too."

Miss Janeway put her arm around the little girl and drew her close to her. "I think that will be a most beautiful way to make Easter blossom in a house, no new things could be better than thoughtfulness and loving helpfulness. Now, girls, I leave it all to you. Tell the others and go to work, every one of you, to see how much you can find in this town to make new for Easter."

It was such a different way of thinking about Easter that the girls forgot all about their clothes, except that those who were to have had new ones obtained permission to use the money their mothers would have spent to help out the wonderful plan. They held meetings at their different homes after school and on Saturday, and Maywood began to be

surprised into a new kind of blooming, different from that of its orchards, and lawns, and hedges.

Hope's example was such a good one that those of the girls who found the need, and there were a good many, tried to bring about some Easter blossoming in their own homes.

"Mother hasn't had a new dress in a year," one girl confided to Hope. "She always gets something pretty for me instead, but I am just making her buy cloth for a dress, and I know I can help her make it."

Window boxes appeared to make the fronts of bare houses more attractive. The girls raked the dead leaves from lawns, set out plants, cleaned up rubbish in the schoolyard and in the park, and a few very courageous ones painted their front fences. Janet and Molly and Miss Janeway took the leadership of the movement and tried to discover special kinds of Easter service that the girls could do. More than Miss Janeway's special class had become interested, so there was quite a group of girls to draw upon.

"The books in the Sunday school library do look so bad," Miss Janeway said one day. "The covers are torn and soiled. The new covers have come but no one seems to have any time to take off the old ones and put on the new."

"We'll do it Monday afternoon," Hope decided, "instead of having our regular basket ball practise."

When the many hands had finished, the library was fresh and neat for Easter. The rows of cleanly covered books lent a distinctive brightness to the room where they were kept.

"I went by the hospital to-day," Janet said, "and so many children were looking out of the windows in the children's ward. They are the getting-better but not-well kiddies, and, just think, they will have to stay there over Easter. We girls could go and tell stories in the children's ward on visiting days, and keep it up all the spring," she exclaimed. "That would be something new and different for them."

The story hour in the hospital worked wonders. When small Peter, who had been in bed for weeks with a fractured leg, heard the story of the Little Lame Prince and realized what patience in pain can work, he began to gain.

"I don't know what's come over Peter," the nurse in the ward said to Janet one afternoon as she was leaving with her fairy books. "He's so good and so quiet."

"I know," Janet said. "He's spending his days 'way up in the clouds on a magic carpet, instead of in bed, and so he doesn't feel his splints and he's getting well faster."

It was quite true, and the same miracle thing happened to the other children. They left the ashes of their everyday suffering with Cinderella and danced with her at the ball whose joy was a veritable tonic to them. Stories of outdoors, stories of adventure, and stories of achievement helped the little convalescents to see the good, new things that awaited them when they should be well enough to leave the hospital. And the vision helped them to get well faster. The girls enjoyed the story hour as much as the children. They had never realized before how a beautiful story could make the one who heard it see life with a new vision.

Molly discovered the last work for the girls.

"Old Mr. Burns, who has the greenhouse, is so worried about his Easter trade," she told the girls about ten days before Easter. "He lost all his help when the men enlisted and he can't get any one to help him. He says that he depends so much on the money he makes selling Easter plants to keep the greenhouse going the rest of the year."

"We'll help him," Janet announced.

So the girls put on their Camp-fire suits and went to Mr. Burns' assistance for every afternoon of the week before Easter. It seemed the happy climax to all their efforts as they worked in the rich, earth-smelling loam, and listened to the old man's homely philosophy about his growing things.

"There couldn't be anything much more discouraging looking than a rosebush shoot when you first start it, or a lily bulb," he said. "But all they need is a little encouragement, and the first you know you have roses and lilies." His words made the Easter message come true for the girls. Every year the earth, right there in their town, was holding and cherishing old things, and sending them up new.

The girls washed flowerpots, and carefully potted tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils under the old florist's direction. As Easter drew near they cut great, odorous violets and bunched them in soft paper in boxes. They delivered the potted and cut flowers, and passed and repassed the milliner's window countless times without once thinking of the artificial flowers there ready for Easter hats.

It had been the happiest Easter season that they had ever known. Then it was Easter itself, come on birds' wings through blue skies, before they knew it. Not one was ready for the day as they always had been before, with new frocks, and shoes, and ribbons, and gloves. Each girl in Miss Janeway's class was prepared, though, in a new way. Hope Dunbar put this into words as they all met in the choir room before they marched into church for the Easter service.

"How nice we all look in our old things!" she exclaimed. "I feel Easter so that it really seems as if I am really dressed up for it."

The light shining in through the windows, the sweet odor of the flowers that banked the church, and the music that rang with Easter joy and faith seemed more beautiful than at any Easter service before. There were so many flowers too—a bewildering profusion of color—massed at the front of the church. Old Mr. Burns, dressed in a neatly brushed black suit, sat in one of the front pews, and the girls had seen him talking to Miss Janeway before they marched in. They both looked mysterious and happy. When the service was over, the girls discovered the reason. As they filed out, the old florist took his place by the flowers and gave each girl a pot of Easter blossoms to take home.

It was part his offering, and part Miss Janeway's. As the girls went out, almost hidden by the tall lilies, bright geraniums, and purple hyacinths and heliotrope, they made a gay Easter pageant of bloom and beauty. Janet pulled her old cap down over her braids as a puff of wind met her at the door. She hugged her pot of geraniums tighter.

"Who wants an Easter hat," she laughed, "when they can have Easter this way?"—*Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.*

ALEPPO

Aleppo, Syria, which appeared in the news of the day recently as the haven for 50,000 Armenians who made their way in rags from Turkey, thus becomes of some interest to twentieth century Christians of the West. If newspapers and telegraphic services had existed in the days of Richard Coeur de Lion, this self-same Aleppo would have been a commonplace name at the breakfast tables of Western Europe; for it was from there that the famous Saladin organized much of his opposition to the Crusaders.

Aleppo's name was once more familiar to Western ears than that of any other city of the Near East except Constantinople, and it is probably destined to be great again when that part of the world settles down.

Four thousand years ago when Abraham moved to Palestine there was an established caravan route north and south through Syria from Egypt toward Babylon. And at least from the time of Phoenician greatness there was a similar route between the coast cities on the west and Assyria and Babylonia to the east. The oasis near which great trade routes joined became the site of one of the world's first "crossroads" towns; and since then, whenever the world about it has enjoyed peace and carried on trade, it has reaped the benefits in prosperity and importance.

Its own world sufficed for many centuries to keep Aleppo a thriving city into which scores of long camel caravans came yearly. The Crusades did not greatly interfere with this prosperity, for the successes of the Crusaders stopped literally at Aleppo's walls. Antioch, on the Mediterranean, barely seventy miles away, was the first Syrian stronghold to be captured by the Christian Knights and the last to be surrendered; but they were never able to subdue Aleppo, which stood for 300 years as a bar to Christian advance inland. This Mohammedan city, so close to the Crusader's stronghold, became Saladin's capital, and it was from there that the Christians were finally driven out of the country.

After the Crusades, Europe demanded an ever increasing supply of spices and other products from the Far East, and Aleppo, near the western end of the land route over which such goods came, became more and more prosperous. Nearly all the Western trading nations established representatives and warehouses in the city. The establishment of a sea route around Africa to the East injured Aleppo somewhat, and the opening of the Suez Canal almost dried up its stream of east-west trade and brought up the pessimistic picture of a time when camel-trains might be a curiosity.

But the railroad locomotive which Westerners nickname "the steel horse" has proved Aleppo's "steel camel," and is bringing the city back to its old place of importance. The famous Bagdad Railroad, which connects the mouth of the Euphrates with the Bosporus and Europe, dips to Aleppo almost exactly at its mid-point and meets the railway which now extends from Eygpt northward through Syria. The old important camel trails have thus given way to more important trails of steel, and where the one contributed the equivalent of pennies the latter may yield the equivalent of dollars.

The Aleppo of to-day may be compared in some ways to Damascus, 200 miles to the south. Both, on oases, are well watered by streams that lose themselves in the desert—or more properly are made to transform themselves into delightful orchards and gardens through ancient irrigation systems. Both are made up of white, flat-topped houses punctuated by the tall slender towers of mosques. Both have their crowded, narrow streets surging with a motley mixture of many Arabs, Jews and Armenians, and representatives of almost every other people of the Near East. Now that Syria is under French mandate, there are as well in Aleppo's crowded streets a sprinkling of the Latins who tried vainly to penetrate there during the Crusades.

Most interesting of Aleppo's sights, fittingly enough in a city build by commerce, are its huge covered bazars, hardly to be matched elsewhere in the world. These arched rooms of subdued lights are stocked with almost every conceivable ware from crude pottery to handsome Chinese vases, from iron nails to golden chains of the finest workmanship, and from coarse cloths to the most superb product of the rug-weaver's art. In the meat bazar one may choose a steak of beef, camel or horse and have it roasted to a turn while he looks on. The accommodating butcher will complete the meal by sending to other parts of the bazar for fruits, sweets, coffee and wine. About the city are innumerable sweetmeat shops in which one may buy delectable concoctions of honey, fine flour and the pistachio nuts for which the surrounding orchards are famous.

A great man-made feature dominates Aleppo almost as the pyramids dominate the plain of Giza. In the middle of the flat city its early rulers constructed a huge mound 200 feet high, faced its slopes with blocks of stone, and on the summit built a strong citadel. It was this fort-capped artificial mountain which successfully withstood siege by the Crusaders in 1124. Though its fortifications have fallen into disrepair the citadel still stands out as a distinctive feature, and for the growing stream of tourists it will be the "Woolworth tower" from which the ancient city may be seen spread out within its encircling gardens.—*Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.*

* * *

AT SCHOOL

I like to sit in school and look
At all the girls I know,
When every head above a book
Is bending very low.
They are so much alike, you see,
And yet so different, too—
For some have eyes of brown like me
And some have eyes of blue.

When we're admiring Marguerite,
Whose braids are long and fine,
She says she thinks that curls are sweet,
Like Josephine's or mine.
But Josephine and I believe
Straight hair is lovelier,
And look at Marguerite and grieve
We are not more like her.

And some have shiny, flaxen hair;
And others brown or black;
Some wear it short; and others wear
Two pigtails down the back.
And some have bows of ribbon gay—
Hair parted on the side,
But every girl likes best the way
Some other's hair is tied.

Just think, if all the little girls
Could, wishing, change their state,
Then all the pigtails would be curls
And all the curls be straight,
And I should look like Margeurite,
And Marguerite like me,
And every day at school we'd meet—
How funny it would be!

St. Nicholas.

* * *

RECLASSIFIED

A school-teacher in a Western town, wishing to extend her rather scanty knowledge of the stories of Edgar Allen Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for "The Gold Bug," adding, "I can't seem to find it in the catalogue, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week."

The librarian glanced at the card-catalogue drawer over which the teacher had been poring, and smiled a superior smile. "No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You're looking under 'Fiction.' Turn to 'Entomology' and you won't have any trouble."—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

TO CHRISTIANS OF OTHER LANDS

The closing message of the National Christian Conference recently held in Shanghai, China, gives a hint of the trend of thought among Chinese Christians to-day:

"An overpowering sense of the joy and strength of fellowship in Christ has come to us who are gathered in a national conference representing more than one hundred and thirty Christian bodies in China. It has been given to us to catch the vision of a wonderful united Chinese Church bound together in the service of the Master in this great land where the laborers are all too few and the harvest so plenteous. Yet we find that this great desire of our hearts—as always the work of our hands—is hindered by the tragedy of division among the Christians of the world. While standing for the principle of indigenous Christian Churches, we do not seek isolation and separation from the Mother Churches, but we ask that they shall strive for unity among themselves so that we in China may be able also to unite and bear undivided witness to the mighty works of God.

"Surely, the salvation of the human race calls for nothing less than a world program and is a task which in itself points to the danger and sin of longer perpetuating the spirit of division among the children of a common Lord. We ask therefore that our brethren in every land shall strive for that perfect unity for which Christ prayed when he said, 'that they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.' "—*Missionary Review of the World.*

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MEETING IN CALIFORNIA

The Executive Board of the W. U. M. S. of California held an open Board Meeting in Los Angeles, on Thursday, Jan. 25. Delegates were present from all the churches excepting Oakland, 300 miles away. Only one member of the Board was absent. Reports were given by every Circle.

The plans of the National Association were presented and discussed. Pledges for the Clara Barton Memorial were taken. The feature of the day was the address by Mrs. Turner, of San Diego, who was with Miss Powell in North Carolina for six months. This was a revelation of the problems, perplexities, and accomplishments in this field. The Board unanimously voted to make its president, Mrs. Luella M. Masseck, of Santa Paula, a life member, in appreciation of the splendid service she has given. Lunch was served by the ladies of the Los Angeles Church.

Mrs. C. E. Riddle, Secretary.

Riverside, Cal.

IN RHODE ISLAND

The Executive Board of the W. U. M. A. of Rhode Island met in Providence Jan. 30. Invitations had been extended also to the state chairmen of committees, the presidents of local Mission Circles and the wives of the Rhode Island ministers.

After luncheon a devotional meeting was held by Miss Gertrude Whipple, following which informal reports of the different departments and local Circles were given. A box was passed and into it each woman dropped a slip of paper on which she had previously written some pertinent question regarding local, state or national work. These were shaken up, distributed and read aloud, thus stimulating thought and resulting in a frank discussion of common problems.

It was the privilege of the field secretary to be present at this meeting and to tell something of the work of our Association in the Southland.

* *

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

The following women comprise the nominating committee of the W. N. M. A. for 1923:

Mrs. Janet H. Blackford, 262 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.—elected by the W. N. M. A., at Detroit, October, 1921.

Mrs. Wm. H. McGlauflin, 825 Sunset St., Scranton, Penn.—elected by the Executive Board of the W. N. M. A.

Miss Grace F. White, 37 Pomeroy St., Allston, Mass.—appointed by the president of the W. N. M. A.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

VISITATION IN OHIO

Out of the January snows of the Mohawk, into the mud and mists of Ohio, I went upon my pilgrimage.

Akron, my first port of all, Akron, that star among Sunday schools, has for years maintained triumphantly our higher efficiency standard. To churches in need of inspiration and instruction in methods, my advice is this:—Send delegates to Akron to observe an "Honor School" in efficient operation. Arriving on Young People's Day, I felt honored to be accorded ten minutes of the church service as one of four speakers. Most admirably the young people conducted the entire program. Wallace McKinnon spoke on "How Young People Can Help the Church," Margaret Spanton on "How the Church Can Help the Young People," Edna Ridge on "Standing Behind the Minister."

The motor trip to Leroy, an adventure over slippery roads, was richly repaid. A delicious supper in the parlor, a large public meeting in the beautifully renovated auditorium, were followed by an animated conference with the church school workers. Problems were earnestly discussed, the workers eager to co-operate with the General Sunday School Association.

On to Kent. There the Sunday school, small and beset by its particular problems, may, by stressing primary work, build a strong foundation, assuring a future for the church. This plan they are working at North Olmstead, my next point of visitation, where again I conferred with earnest, consecrated workers, determined to do their *best* in their little corner, by work among the children, to bring God's Kingdom upon earth.

My pilgrimage finished with another Sunday, this time at Attica, where, after our conference on Saturday evening, the Sabbath was spent in personal contact with the school, and with appeal from the pulpit for love and service in behalf of the children of America, the hope of America and of the world.

Home again on Monday, a better Christian, I hope, and more optimistic Universalist, for my Sunday school pilgrimage through Northern Ohio.

Maude Lyon Cary.

* *

SHE FAVORS THE DUPLEX

Miss Edith W. Page, of Gardiner, Maine, an able and faithful worker in our Sunday school, is thoroughly convinced that the duplex envelope is highly desirable. She writes:

"I should like to register myself as strongly in favor of the duplex envelope. I believe that the results obtained from a method which is in operation during the long vacation and when individuals are absent are by far the greatest possible.

"I think that the habit of systematic generosity is even better than that of responding to separate appeals. Of course both are good.

"When the duplex envelopes are used the missionary superintendent should give brief explanations of what is done with our missionary money. It has occurred to me that it might be practicable for the superintendent occasionally to instruct a boy or girl who could give the talk. This might bring the specific objects more vividly to the scholars.

"The boys or girls who are old enough to earn money could be encouraged to do at least something toward filling the envelopes instead of depending wholly on their parents."

We agree exactly with Miss Page if (and it is a big if) the objects for which money is appropriated are made as clear to scholars s they are in Gardiner.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Feb. 25. Morning, Haverhill, Mass.; evening, Gloucester, Mass.

Mar. 4. Bridgeport, Conn.

* *

A LETTER AND A REPLY

Mr. Manning:

Please find enclosed one dollar for my renewal of *Onward*, a welcome visitor to my "Shut-in-Corner," though I must say of late there seem to be ideas quite foreign to *real* Universalism in it, which I regret, as I pass them on, and would rather give *genuine Universalism only*, under the heading "Universalist." . . .

Sincerely yours,

___ _____.

Dear ____ _____:

We are glad to have the renewal of your *Onward* subscription, and appreciate the kindly spirit in which your word of criticism is sent. Will you give me the privilege of an explanation or two?

Onward is the journal of the Universalist young people, and is entirely in their hands. Only once in a while do I see the articles published in advance of publication. The paper is not supervised, much less censored. It is not a journal for the Universalist young people, prepared by those who are older; it is the journal *of* the young people themselves.

Under these conditions there are many things which appear in it which are different from what would be there if its editors were older. The Universalism it would then contain would be of their day, and the ideas expressed would be the result, perhaps, of long and careful consideration. As it is, it gives expression to the thoughts of our Universalist youth, struck off white hot from the anvil of modern life. Many of those thoughts will change as the years come and go.

Two things are happening as a result: one is that differences of opinion are being voiced, argued, with a net gain of clearer thinking all around; the other is that the responsibilities of editorship by the Editorial Board, and of publication by the entire Christian Union, are developing an ability both to think and to express thought, which will be a valuable asset to the Church in the years to come. They will be able to put into words the "real Universalism" which will be needed in their day.

Just what "genuine Universalism" is, it would be hard to say, at least it would be hard to get any general agreement about it. There was some question in the old First Church in Boston something more than a century ago, when Hosea Ballou supplied John Murray's pulpit one Sunday, as to just what "genuine Universalism" was.

The fact is that the Universalism of Hosea Ballou was not that of the earlier generation represented by John Murray. I fancy that the Universalism of Hosea Ballou was equally different from that of the next succeeding generation. In his address at the Gloucester celebration, that young radical of 1870, Dr. John Coleman Adams, told of some of his adventures with the men who succeeded Hosea Ballou.

And now that another generation is beginning to be heard, let us not be afraid of the genuineness of their Universalism. It will not be the same as that of twenty, or a hundred and twenty, years ago, but it will be the genuine Universalism which will meet the needs of to-morrow, as the genuine Universalism of yesterday met the needs, intellectual and spiritual, of that day.

And only by finding their own way, by a method of "trial and error;" by saying unnecessary, unwise, perhaps untrue, things sometimes, will they find their way to that which is necessary, wise and true. Of course I feel sure that I could show them these things, so that they might be saved the mistakes and other difficulties of exploration, but there are just two reasons that I do not pass on to them my accumulated wisdom: first, it is better for them to find out the truth for themselves; and second, they would not listen to me if I tried to tell them what I know.

So the young people of our Church to-day are publishing a paper which is theirs; which reflects the point of view not of the genuine Universalists of yesterday, nor of the mature minds who voice the genuine Universalism of to-day, but of the young minds and hearts that are now making the genuine Universalism of to-morrow, and are formulating a Gospel which shall be as everlastingly new and true as that which we in our turn discovered and learned to love.

You are so thoroughly in sympathy with the work of the young people, that I have ventured to write you thus at length, for more than anything else I covet for these young people the sympathetic understanding of those who have been pioneers yesterday and those who are pioneers to-day, that the pioneers of to-morrow may push still further forward the frontiers of the Kingdom of God.

Faithfully yours,

Stanley Manning,

Boston, Feb. 15.

For the Quiet Hour

A songless faith is a dying faith. A faith that has a true song in it has the future before it, and heaven at last; where the multitude whom no man can number will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, ancient as time, yet new as the morning.

W. R. Inge.

As I read the Gospel this seems to me one of its great joys, that it tells us the dignity of despised situations, the beauty and value of uncongenial effort and the possibility of turning the drudgery of a task into the joy of accomplished work.

William A. Newbolt.

"What hast thou in thine hand?" Begin there, and out of simple, ordinary instruments and surroundings God shall bring wonderful things to pass.

W. L. Watkinson.

We may be sincere Christians in the exercise of repentance and faith and in the practise of holy obedience without any overwhelming sorrows or transporting joys. Yet, since the various affections of fear and hope, love and sorrow, desire and delight, belong to my nature, I am sure they ought to be all engaged in some measure in the service of God and religion.

Isaac Watts.

True Love is humble, thereby it is known
Girded for service, seeking not its own;
Exalts its object, timid homage pays,
Vaunts not itself, but speaks in self-dispraise.

Abraham Coles.

By far the greatest thing a man can do for his city is to be a good man.

Henry Drummond.

It means another absolutely honest man in the market-place, another light-filled life in the workshop, another man with the sin of the city under his feet, another breath of prayer and reverence and godliness going forth to sweeten the life of the factory, the school, the home, the study, and the street. This is the fruit of the Spirit.

Percy C. Ainsworth.

Without love we can not do our work.

Andrew Murray.

The power-house does not move about the city in a hurried, restless desire to be "useful." It does not carry laborers to the factories, merchants to their stores, children to their schools, or worshipers to the church. The power-house stands there in stolid fashion, some would say, upon its own appointed plot of ground, leaving all these practical lines of usefulness untouched. But it furnishes power to the street-cars as they carry people about the streets. The church which is steadily recruiting the supply of Christian impulse in the community, so that moral dynamic flows evenly, steadily, and strongly along all the wires which stretch out through the life of the community, is rendering a service unspeakably precious to the higher life of that city. Inspiration is usefulness.

Charles R. Brown.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Sara L. Stoner of Prospect, Ohio, gave an address before the Baptist Missionary Association of her town, Feb. 1, on "Missionary Work, the Fruitage of Christianity." She also gave the opening prayer at the union prayer service held in the Methodist church Friday, Feb. 16.

Dr. John van Schaick, Jr., conducted the service and preached the sermon at the union services on the S. S. Empress of France, Feb. 4, while the steamer was *en route* to San Francisco from Panama. Among the Universalists on board are Judge Franklin C. Platt of Waterloo, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Williams of Utica, N. Y. Dr. van Schaick is to lecture on "Honolulu, Hilo and the Hawaiian Islands" after the vessel leaves San Francisco.

Lyman Ward of the Camp Hill, Ala., Industrial School will be in Boston and vicinity for ten days or two weeks beginning with Feb. 20, 1923. Friends of the school who would like to consult with Mr. Ward may address him at Young's Hotel, Boston, after Feb. 15.

Illinois

Marseilles.—Rev. E. M. Minor, pastor. The last two Sundays of January were devoted to the interests of the Y. P. C. U. with beneficial results. On Jan. 21 Mr. Minor preached a sermon especially for the young folks, subject, "The Man of Conviction." About forty young people attended in a body, which, with a still larger number of the older people, made it the largest congregation we have had yet. On the following Sunday the young people had entire charge of the morning services. The choir was composed of the younger people, as on the Sunday before it had been composed of older people. Paul Oberholtzer sang a solo, Miss Adelia Minor announced the hymns and read the Scripture lesson, Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman made the announcements, Miss Gladys Petticord offered prayer, and Miss Beth Oberholtzer made the address. The young folks gave us a good service, and demonstrated their ability as well as their interest in the cause. The Universalist orchestra played at both of these services. Running through January and the first days of February the young people of the church, aided by two from another church, have been drilling on a comedy, "The Early Bird." This was presented for the public three nights, at Marseilles Feb. 5 and 6, and on Feb. 8 at Seneca, a little town nearby. The play was of high merit as an amateur production, and elicited much praise from the public. The venture was also a financial success, netting the Y. P. C. U. $300. Three members of the Y. P. C. U., Misses Beth Oberholtzer and Edna Grant, and Mr. Harold Fewell, attended the state Y. P. C. U. Conference at Urbana, Feb. 3 and 4. The average attendance at church and Sunday school has been much better since the new year, although on account of illness and cold weather it has not been so large the first two Sundays of February. The Fabian Society recently held a food sale which netted them a neat little sum.

Iowa

Mitchellville.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, pastor. We closed our very successful Good News Meetings Feb. 11. Rev. Laura B. Galer assisted the pastor the first week and Rev. Luther Robinson the second. Large and enthusiastic audiences greeted them. Special music each night. We had seven accessions, all adults and five of these men. The church has more life and enthusiasm than at any time in the last five years.

Maine

Pittsfield,—Rev. S. J. Willis, pastor. The ladies of the parish held a party in the town hall on the afternoon and evening of Thanksgiving Day. Whist and dancing and an entertainment made up the program. The annual fair in December was one of the most successful in recent years, netting the Ladies' Aid $550. During the season the same organization has sponsored a public entertainment course of four numbers which proved a financial success. In December our community was greatly saddened by the sudden death of one of our beloved members and workers, Mrs. William Pushor, a woman who, by her kindly acts, sweet and beautiful character, radiated the very spirit of the Master. The home, the church and the community have suffered an irreparable loss in the passing on of this noble Christian life.

Massachusetts

West Somerville.—Rev. Isaac Smith, pastor. The annual fair, which took the form of a Christmas bazar, broke the record for spirited co-operation and success. Along with an amount gained from catering to the Baptist Convention next door, the Ladies' Circle was able to report a net gain of over $1,000. The young people went to the city homes at Christmas, entertaining the old people with a Christmas service, afterwards distributing fruit. Jan. 15 a mass meeting of the Federated Women's Church Society was held in the church vestry. Four representatives from twenty-six Protestant churches were present. Mrs. Alice D. Smith, the pastor's wife, organized the meeting and presided. Luncheon was served at 12.30. Five representatives of the City Community Service organizations spoke regarding the work their departments were accomplishing. Young People's Day Alfred McKinley presided. Paul Fuller gave an excellent address, "Are the Young People of To-day as Black as They Are Painted?" Miss Frances Preble delivered a well prepared paper on "The Woman's Place in Modern Life." Both papers showed that the young people of to-day are capable of thinking deeply on modern problems. At the annual parish meeting Jan. 11 the officers reported an increase in pledges of over $900, all bills paid and a surplus in the treasury. A parish house fund has been established. Both church school and Y. P. C. U. report increase in membership. The Mission Circle is very active, having record meetings. The Home Welfare Club gave a men's night banquet at which Mayor Webster was present. Dr. R. Perry Bush gave a fine lecture on South America. Since last fall the ladies of the church have handed over to the treasurer $1150 for current expenses, meanwhile the men of the church, believing that faith without works is dead, have painted the kitchen, vestry and ladies' parlor, put in new electric lights and laid a hard wood floor in the vestry.

Leominster.—Rev. Isabella S. Macduff, pastor. The usual activities of the church go on despite the severe weather and the illness in the city. Both the Ladies' Circle and the C. B. G. have plans for continued busy-ness in the coming weeks. The Sunday school opened its Birthday Box recently and divided its contents, nearly $25, between the Suffolk School and a local enterprise. One of the monthly Sunday School parties is due in a few days. Miss Macduff presided at the Interdenominational Day of Prayer for Missions, which was held in the Methodist church and participated in by seven churches, with an address by a returned missionary from Africa, a worker for the Baptists in the Congo. A generous offering was made for the Near East Relief.

Michigan

Detroit.—Rev. Charles F. Patterson, pastor. A special parish meeting was called for Feb. 7 to act upon the resignation of the pastor, which had been read from the pulpit on a recent Sunday. A determined and insistent effort was made at this meeting to persuade Mr. Patterson to reconsider, and it was only after his earnest plea that his action be permitted to stand, that the parish reluctantly and regretfully yielded to his wishes. He was then urged to stay with us, at least until the summer vacation, if his own interest and plans for the future would permit. The church is in a very prosperous condition. The Sunday school includes classes for all ages, with the highest enrollment yet recorded. Parish activities include the Sunday twilight and firelight circle with

musical program and informal talks; the Y. P. C. U. Sunday evening devotional meetings generally followed by an illustrated lecture by the pastor; the Wednesday "Family Night," at which parish families with invited friends assemble for supper and an evening of recreation, and the Ladies' Union meeting at the parish house once a month, preceded by a luncheon and instructive talks by people of note in social service work. The Ladies' Union has been contributing for the past year $15 monthly to the milk fund of the Gershom Mission and has given a dinner with gifts and toys to seventy-five boys and girls of this mission. The Sunday school has also given a dinner and Christmas entertainment to fifty of these children. The industrial committee meets at stated intervals in all day sessions to make garments for sick and crippled children. An active chapter of the Universalist Comrades recently established, gives frequent entertainments for the benefit of the Washington Memorial Church.

New York

Middleport.—Rev. E. H. Carritt, pastor. On Sunday, Feb. 11, the pastor gave a report of the New York State Ministers' Conference held in Syracuse, Feb. 6, 7, and 8. The Sunday school observed Lincoln's birthday in an appropriate way. Owing to the lack of coal in Middleport the evening service has had to be discontinued, much to the regret of pastor and people, but at this writing it is thought there will soon be an abundance of coal and the service will be resumed. The morning service is held as usual. Mrs. Carritt has given the second lecture on Historic Ornament, which was on Greek Architecture. These lectures are given to a class of young women. The Y. P. C. U. have organized the Comrades of the Quiet Hour, with Miss Zola Thaxter as local superintendent, and Miss Atha Freeman some time ago was made State Superintendent. The two classes in Sunday school of the older boys and the older girls with Miss Freeman as teacher of the girls and Mr. Carritt of the boys, are accomplishing a wonderful piece of Sunday school work. The charts, mentioned some time ago, are used, which depict the public life of Christ. It is so interesting that a boy from one of the other churches in the village has joined the class.

Auburn.—Rev. Charles H. Vail, pastor. Dr. Vail is giving a series of Sunday evening illustrated lectures which will continue until Easter. These religious educational services are most helpful and uplifting. Sunday mornings we are enjoying a series of sermons in answer to the question, "What do Universalists Believe?" Feb. 4 was observed as Old Home Sunday. Special mid-week Lenten services will be held during the Lenten season. A picnic supper will be served at 6.30, the Ladies' Aid, King's Daughters and Unity Class taking turns in serving. No charge is made for supper, each family bringing a covered dish. The devotional service will last for one hour, from eight to nine. The object is to have a church get-together night each week—a gathering of all branches of the church for social and religious profit and enjoyment. A series of dancing parties is being held in Murray Hall under the auspices of the King's Daughters.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The new year has begun with annual meetings. The Mediator League has had a prosperous year, responding to local calls for charity and meeting its obligations to the parish budget and the new church campaign. The Ladies' Sewing Society is in a splendid condition. The members gave the retiring president, Mrs. E. A. Barton, a sewing cabinet as a token of appreciation for her faithful service during the past four years. The Sunday school closed the year with an increase in membership, a higher average in attendance and a generous response to benevolent appeals. It is a school of the "going, growing, glowing" type. The Men's Club is adding new members at each monthly meeting. Recent events were of supper fame—Dec. 11, an oyster supper; Jan. 18, a roast-beef supper. A turkey supper will be served Feb. 28. Plans are now being made for the fourth annual minstrel performance. Young People's Sunday was observed Jan. 28, with the Y. P. C. U. in charge of the service. The address was given by Harry Morton. Miss Frances Linden, Miss Harion Snow and William Horton took the other parts of the service.

East Providence.—Rev. Henry I. Cushman, D. D., pastor. Christmas was celebrated in the Sunday school by special services on Dec. 24, and at the morning church service the choir gave the cantata "In Excelsis." A special offering was taken in both church and school for the Near East Relief and the amount, $40.83, was forwarded to the General Sunday School Association. The Ballou Society has also sent two packages of clothing to the Near East Relief Base in Brooklyn. The Christmas party for the Sunday school was held Jan. 4 and Santa Claus distributed gifts from a tree in the time-honored way. At the January meeting of the Mission Circle, Mrs. Charles A. Russell, president of the Rhode Island W. U. M. A., gave an account of work done and proposed at the Clara Barton birthplace. "Following the Gleam," was the basis for the entertainment for the evening, carried out by readings and tableaux representing the life and services of Clara Barton. A Boys' Club has recently been organized in the parish. Its weekly meetings are full of enthusiasm and good-fellowship but its most encouraging features are the emphasis which it lays upon church attendance and the determination of its members to make the Club a real help in all the departments of the church life.

Harrisville.—Rev. Arthur M. Soule, pastor. Everybody here is delighted with the progress made in the past six months. From a mere handful of worshipers, our Sunday morning congregation now averages 60, and is constantly growing. At the annual parish meeting the affairs of the society were shown to be in the best condition for years. Thus encouraged by the results of a few months' work, the society decided to go out on an every member canvass of the community, with a result that instead of twenty subscribers to the support of the work, as was the case the past year, we now have something like sixty. The Sunday school is growing constantly, and recently the school received an American and a Christian flag from the members of Thatcher State Relief Corps of Portland, Me., of which Mrs. Soule is a member. The one-pipe furnace installed in the parsonage during the fall has been a source of delight and comfort to our pastor and his family.

Providence, First.—Rev. R. R. Hadley, pastor. The Greene Street Chapter of Universalist Comrades was organized in this church Jan. 17 with William Stang president and Robert Morgan secretary. A large delegation from this church journeyed to Woonsocket to greet Brother Brooks at the January meeting of the Rhode Island Conference. Our courageous prophet of the larger hope from the largest state won a warm spot for himself in the hearts of the faithful in the smallest state. Young People's Day four young men and four young women were in charge of the morning service. It was an inspiring demonstration of the potential power in our coming congregation. The addresses were delivered by Mabel Sauer, president of the Y. P. C. U., and Sam Thomas. A Progressive Supper and entertainment given by the King's Daughters, Jan. 31, was a financial and social success. The menu was located *a la carte*, the guests doing their own carting, which necesitated their moving from room to room for the different courses, and so meeting old friends and new. Our monthly co-operative cafeteria is proving a helpful feature for our church school workers. At the last conference of our workers, Feb. 2, we were all inspired by the fine message from Mrs. Stanley Manning of Boston. All said it was one of the most helpful talks ever given to our teachers.

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NORTHFIELD SUMMER CONFERENCES

The twentieth annual session of the Northfield Summer Conference of Religious Education at East Northfield, Mass. July 23-31, 1923, will have for its general theme, "Religious Education, the Hope of Our World Civilization."

This conference is under the direction of a board of management composed of a

representative of each Protestant denominational board operating in New England and having a committee on education, two representatives from each of the six New England states, and six members at large. The school is interdenominational and interterritorial, as evidenced by the fact that in 1922 the registration of 683 persons represented seventeen different denominations and twenty-one different states and countries.

Approximately thirty-five different courses of study will be given this year, covering the general subjects of church school departmental teaching and administrative methods, recreational leadership among young people, community religious educational problems, Bible, psychology, missionary education, home and parents' problems, pageantry and music in religious education, problems of state and district Sunday school organization, social service questions and various general cultural studies helpful in Christian living.

The chairman of the board of management is Hon. Robert Chapin Parker of Westfield, Mass., and the registrar, treasurer and clerk is Bryant Nichols of Auburndale, Mass. Registrations may be made at any time (fee $5, payable in advance), and full information may be obtained through Bryant Nichols, Room 609, 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	31
Milford, Ohio	1
Mitchellville, Iowa	7
Pittsfield, Maine	2
Total	41

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The 13th session of the National Federation of Religious Liberals is to open at Baltimore on Friday, March 23, continuing throughout Saturday and Sunday. Universalists, especially those within reach of Baltimore, should make a special effort to attend these meetings. From the beginning our Universalist people have been interested and active participants in the work of the Federation. Through the official contribution sanctioned by the General Convention our denomination is affiliated with the movement.

As one session will be largely devoted to the discussion of future activities of the Federation, it is important that every branch of the Liberal Church should be largely represented.

Baltimore speakers will take part in the opening session to be held Friday at 2 p. m., at the Friends' Meeting House. Rabbi Harvey E. Wessel offers the opening prayer. Dr. O. Edward Janney extends a greeting to the Federation, and papers will be read by Prof. C. Sturgis Ball on "The Permanent Significance of Miracles," and by Prof. R. P. Dougherty on "The Bible's Appeal to Conscience."

At the evening session at eight o'clock at Eutaw Place Temple, the president of the Federation, Prof. Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College, will give an address on "What is Fundamental," to be followed by an informal reception.

The business meeting Saturday afternoon at the First Unitarian Church will be preceded by two addresses, one by Rev. Frederick R. Griffin of Philadelphia on "Unity among Liberals," and the second by Rev. S. G. Dunham of Providence, R. I., on "A Working Federation of Religious Liberals." There will be a discussion on the future activities of the Federation, and officers for a term of two years will be elected.

Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association, speaks at a meeting at 8 p. m. Saturday at the Associate Congregational Church on "The True Principle of Religious Fellowship," to be followed by an address by Rev. Dr. Abram Simon of Washington, D. C., on "What Jews and Christians Can Do for World Betterment."

An interdenominational service will be held Sunday at 3.30 p. m., at Ford's Theater. The service will be conducted by Rev. Edward A. Morris of the Associate Congregational Church and Rabbi Harvey E. Wessel of Har Sinai Temple, and music will be rendered by a joint choir from the various churches. There will be ten-minute addresses on the topic, "The Liberal Religious Attitude and the Solution of the World Problem," considered as follows: As Applied to Racial Antagonisms, Pres. J. O. Spencer of Morgan College; As Applied to Denominational Differences, Rev. Harry F. Burns, Baltimore; As Applied to Civic Righteousness, Dr. Wm. Rosenau, Baltimore; As Applied to Industrial Conflicts, Rabbi Morris Lazaron, Baltimore; As Applied to the Establishment of World Peace, Dr. O. Edward Janney, Baltimore.

The conference will close with a mass meeting Sunday at 8 p. m., at Madison Avenue Temple, the address being given by Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert, president of Union Theological Seminary, New York.

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BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The meeting Feb. 19 was addressed by Mr. Frank A. Lock, president of the Young Men's Christian Union.

On Feb. 26 Rev. Charles H. Pennoyer, chairman of the Massachusetts State Committee on Social Service, will speak on "Some Vital Aspects of Social Service."

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DEATH OF REV. W. H. GRIGSBY

Rev. Willis Harrison Grigsby died at Elizabeth Hospital, Washington, D. C., Feb. 12, at the age of eighty-five. Funeral services were held on Wednesday, Feb. 14, Dr. Clarence E. Rice officiating.

NEW YORK MINISTERS' INSTITUTE

The New York ministers held their annual mid-winter institute in Syracuse Feb. 6-8. There was a large attendance of ministers of the state supplemented by three from Pennsylvania and Dr. Lowe from Boston. The set addresses and the discussions that followed covered a wide range, including "Revolt against Civilization," "Advertising the Church," "Enlisting Men in the Church," "Reconstruction of Religion," "The New Psychology," "The Goal of Civilization and Industrial Reconstruction," "Putting Universalism into American Religious Life," and "Pre-Lenten Meditations."

"The Revolt against Civilization" was freely discussed from the floor without a formal paper. The "revolt" is evidenced by industrial unrest, moral deterioration, prevalence of crime, greed of capital, resentment of labor, spurning of religious ideals, and the frequent attempts to subvert existing government without offering an acceptable program of government to replace it. There was a hopeful note throughout the discussion that time, education, religion, and statesmanship should bring us to a still higher plane of civilization than we now enjoy.

Rev. R. S. Kellerman of Pennsylvania presented the problem of a wider dissemination of the history, the doctrines, the deeds, and the plans of the Universalist Church. In view of the widespread dissatisfactions with the old theology and the medieval doctrines there is a great opportunity to make the scholarship of our Church more influential in the gradual evolution of religious truth and progress. He said that we should inform and interest our own people, all of them, systematically and continually, by means of our tracts, sermons, pamphlets, plans and appeals; and should also inform the reading public by reports of all our public meetings and conventions in the daily press.

The plan as presented by the speaker was received with such enthusiasm that he was appointed reporter for the institute and publicity agent for the State of New York.

"The Reconstruction of Religion" was presented by Rev. C. E. Petty in such an able and comprehensive paper that it was voted to request its publication. He said that our entire national and international environment was growing more complex and intertwined and that therefore every community, every nation, was to a large extent itself responsible for the whole of our social health. It must take into account all elements, wealth, poverty, ignorance, education, health, disease, the humanities and religion. The state of religion in this present life, for the progress and the happiness of this present life, and also for the hopes and the assurances of the future. There was enlightening discussion.

Dr. L. O. Williams of Buffalo gave a fine presentation of the "new" psychology. The new psychology, he said, is an attempt

to see human nature as it is, an effort to reach reality. The psychology of the past has been either a psychology of the intellect or a branch of physiology—a science which in the first case ignored the most significant facts of mentality, and in the second missed mind altogether. It sees clearly that a psychology which ignores the emotions can be of little use in meeting the problems of nature which the world wants solved.

The new psychology rests on several fundamental and universal instincts which not only supply the structure but also drive the mental activity. Through instincts like the ego impulse, the hero instinct, the sex instinct, and the curiosity instinct—diversified, transformed, sublimated, and infinitely modified—we have the subconscious foundations from which and through which the mental forms of consciousness appear, and without which conscious mentality is but a castle in the air. The science which approaches mind from this point of view is certainly novel enough and significant enough to justify the adjective "new."

There was great interest in this paper, the author was subjected to a great many questions, and there was wise and valuable discussion of the subject.

Rev. John Sayles of Buffalo, discussing the question of "Putting Universalism into the Religious Life of American," called attention to the immense problem we were up against when we considered the fact that we were "one in a thousand." There are one hundred million people in the United States, and there are only one hundred thousand Universalists. It is a staggering job. It is simplified by several great facts which America believes in. First there is the common brotherhood of North and South, and of East and West. Second, America has a great role to play in the drama of human existence, in international affairs, and in the progress of civilization. We in America, as individuals bound together in one nation, have one common destiny.

This address came as an after-dinner speech. It was greatly enlivened and illuminated by the wit and humor of the speaker, and it was not discussed by the meeting.

Dr. Grose of Brooklyn addressed the institute on ways of enlisting men in the work of the church. It was a specific and worth-while address.

Rev. L. C. Nichols spoke on Lenten Meditations. He said that some one has remarked that civilization could build a sun-ladder out of the timbers of her crucifix. The world needs our interpretation of the great religious truths. Many people insist that you can not change human nature. Christ says that human nature is the very thing that must be changed. Man can be changed from the ground up, living conditions can be changed and the whole moral aspect can be changed. The solution is the same—livable religion. And the livable religion is Universalism. We should make greater efforts to put it over to the whole world.

Prof. H. P. Morrell of St. Lawrence University read a very able paper on "The Goal of Civilization and Industrial Reconstruction" which elicited great praise and great discussion.

Dr. Lowe gave an address on the comprehensive plans of the memorial buildings to be erected in Washington and Tokyo.

A banquet was given on Wednesday evening for the people of the church and the ministers in attendance. After-dinner speeches were made by Dr. Lowe and Rev. John Sayles.

R. S. K.

Notices

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On Feb. 8, 1923, Rev. Robert Tipton filed a letter of recommendation from the Congregational Conference of Iowa with the Ohio Fellowship Committee, and was granted a letter of license for one year.

Sarah L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of license as minister granted to Emerson H. Lalone, John D. Brush, H. Elmer Peters, Seth R. Brooks, Charles Clare Blauvelt, Lowell C. Fisher, William McK. Hutchinson, Doris A. Swett, and Percy L. Clarke, Jr., all renewals but the last two.

Ordination authorized of Ernest H. Carritt of Middleport.

Letters of transfer granted to John E. Price to Ohio, H. M. Wright to Ohio, and L. G. Williams to Pennsylvania.

G. H. Bowers, Secretary.

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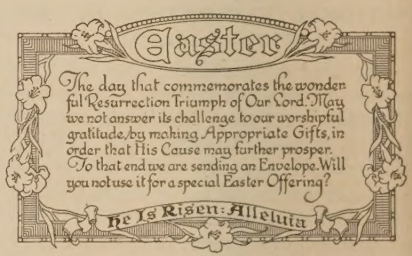
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Reggie's aunt was what he called "one of the strictful sort." Yesterday she gave him such offense by her continuous vetoing of his actions that his little soul revolted. "When I die, Aunt Ida," he said very deliberately, "I shall not ask *you* to the funeral."—*London Post.*

* *

"Look here!" exclaimed the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle, "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road."

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him through the dark, "we're a-finding them, ain't we?"—*Exchange.*

* *

Artillery Rookie (about to take his first lesson in horsemanship): "Sergeant, please pick me out a nice, gentle, peace-loving horse."

Stable Sergeant: "D'ja ever ride a horse before?"

Rookie: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah! Here's just the animal for you. Never been ridden before. You can start out together."—*Los Angeles Times.*

* *

Mandy: "Ise decided to leave mah husban'."

Hanna: "How come? Is you beginnin' to economize?"—*Life.*

* *

"Miss Prim insists upon calling herself a girl."

"Well, why shouldn't she? New York still calls itself 'new.'"—*University of Buffalo Bison.*

* *

Judge: "You are charged with running down a policeman. What have you to say for yourself?"

Motorist: "I didn't know he was an officer, your honor; I thought he was just a pedestrian."—*New York Sun.*

* *

The famous musician was bowing to the select audience in his hostess's palatial house when she came rustling up to him. "What was that lovely selection you played just now?" she inquired.

"That was an improvisation, madam," he replied.

"Oh, yes," she murmured, "I remember now. It's an old favorite of mine, but the name of it had slipped my mind for a moment."—*Youth's Companion.*

* *

The inhabitants of a Southern town built a bridge. It was a fine structure, and should be decorated, they thought, with a suitable inscription. The brightest minds of the town grappled with the problem, but nothing quite expressed the pride and satisfaction of the community. The tablet that was finally put up read, "This bridge was made here."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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